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CLEAR AS MUD

Dear Airhead,
A TRUE STORY.

I was taking a shit. Waterboys were LOUD elsewhere in my place. I was reflecting profound on the end of the decade, the promise of the next, and the realization arises...

...so much passion, optimism, broad perfect dreams that never have panned out, yet the light still lingers AND SUDDENLY IT ALL COMES CLEAR!!!!!! The 80s have been mere warm-up and exploration. The 90s won't be so safe, neither so INCOMPLETE, muted, frustrating, closed and controlled. The 90s are a whole new arena. The fences are down in the playground. The kids take their games to the street. Does the traffic demolish them... or do we divert it?

Does any of this make any sense? Like I said, The Waterboys were on. And as the revery subsides, a single line cuts through, "That was the River, this is the Sea."

I mean, do we drown... or shall we surf? There don't appear to be any other options.

Bill Harper

UNHAPPY? TAKE A PILL!

Dear Airhead,
Ooooh! Heyyyy!
I really enjoyed Scott Fearnley's "Earth Guy" cartoon on p. 3 of the November Disorder. I can truly relate to it.

Also, I have long suspected that I was the Archangel of Devastation. Now I realize that this is not true! Thanks to Earth Guy!!!

Relieved,

Al-Ubhaid

Flagman of the Walled City

หยา
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นัท เขียวราช จำกัด

Pee Eas,

I liked the old-format Disorder better. Yo. Yo. Yo. This is true.

GOOD WRITING, GOOD TIMES

Dear Airhead,

The story, "Rat Control", which appeared in the December issue of the Disorder was so good it prompted me to write the first letter I have ever written to a periodical of any kind. And the fact that I don't actually have to mail it helps, too.

But seriously, The Man Sherbet, you

write good.

Yours truly,

Mike Fitzpatrick

"THE FUTURE"

Dear Airhead,

I was reading Viola Funk's description of the Metrotown Save-On-Foods (which I frequent on Monday evenings), and I was moved that there was finally someone who found this... this... place to be worthy of journalistic criticism.

I wanted to point out that this

aply-described-hell-hole food inferno is the realization of all those books that told us what life was going to be like "in the future". You know, all that crap about moving sidewalks and mega-malls and eggs that have the "best before" date stamped right on them... it's all here like some so-called some-dream. Next there will be magnetically levitated shopping carts and stores will be so big that we'll need jet-backpacks to fly around them gathering our irradiated hot house tomatoes and hyper-evaporated refined and recycled milk. Yuck! It all fits in with crap like "Back to the Future" sequels and other mind numbing future shock. So... BEWARE!!!!

Burp,
Anthony

HOLY SHIT, IT'S A MIRACLE!

Will readers remember the December issue of the Disorder? The one with Michael Hill, Art Director Scott's "Earth Guy" cartoon, and the "Rat Control" story? Well, the December issue of the Disorder was so good it prompted me to write the first letter I have ever written to a periodical of any kind. And the fact that I don't actually have to mail it helps, too. But seriously, The Man Sherbet, you write good. Yours truly, Mike Fitzpatrick

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SHINDIG WINNERS

photos by Lydia Schymanski



1ST PLACE - BLACK EARTH

The most experienced of the three Shindig finalists, Black Earth has been around for about four years although the current lineup was settled upon only two years ago. Hailing from Steveston, John Hacock (guitar, vocals;23), Gordie Park (bass;25), and Darrin Tonn (drums;22) have not decided exactly what they will do with the material they record with their first place prize of 24 hours at Mushroom Studios. These guys should not be confused with the local Pink Floyd-like The Black Earth, or the British The Black Earth.



2ND PLACE - @!&! CARTOON SWEAR

Kris Karra (bass, keyboards;24), Ken Gourlay (drums;21), and Kent Alistad (vocals, guitar;24) comprise this six month old Vancouver trio whose members originate from Montreal and Calgary. The Swear plan to record an LP with the aid of their prize of 20 hours recording time at Profile Studios, and then head out on the road.



3RD PLACE - PLANET OF SPIDERS

The Spiders are a quartet from Kelowna which has been together for just over a year. Kevin Hodge (vocals, guitar;23), Doug Dobbin (bass;24), Mathias Hulten (guitar;21), and Colin Ristler (drums; age unknown) intend to use their prize of 24 hours at Fluid Studios to record a few songs for a new demo.

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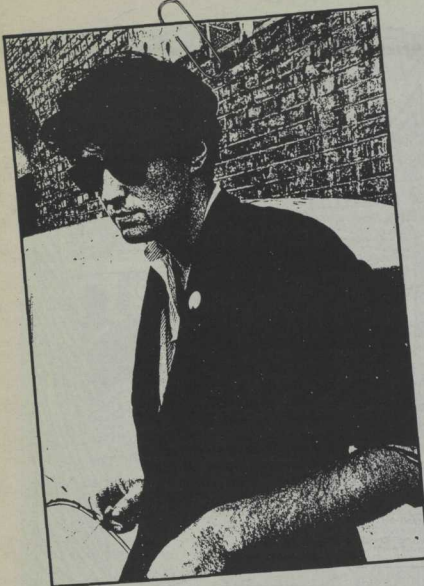
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by Tania Aleksov

Morning Breath, Wednesday Mornings 8:15-10:00AM

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY INTERVIEW

Pat Fish (Jazz Butcher)

Q: On the past two albums you've sounded less flip-pant and more serious than in your previous work. Have you lost your sense of humor?

A: I just decided that it was time to make it earn its living. A lot of the humour on our records came out of the fact that we can't really take ourselves seriously. When you see us on the stage that's still the case. As far as actually writing humour, I never really set out to do that.

There's about 80 songs I have released, and of them about half a dozen are jokes. There's always been humour in it but God forbid anyone think of us as a joke band. God forbid, what's the point? I despise joke bands.

Q: Your songs have not necessarily been jokes but they've been called witty satires. The satires seem less witty and more serious.

A: People can take what they want out of these things. When they buy the record and take it home, it's their's and they can call it what they like. I would never describe myself as witty or satirical. If things seem to be getting a little more [seri-

ous] to you I would only suggest that's because every day in my country things get a little bit worse and it really does get to the point where your either laughing or shrieking. There's a bit more shrieking on this last album. I'm not hamming up the mad Englishman for profit, that's the basic blueprint was "Oh God, London doesn't work anymore. We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it anymore."

Q: I noticed on a lot of tracks you mention somebody going mad. Do you think you're going mad?

A: Well apparently so. I must be, actually, because I hadn't noticed it was there until people started pointing it out to me. It is one of the themes on the LP. When you live here I live, and you look at stuff on TV, and so forth, you think "My God, it must be me because this all seems completely insane." How can I express it, things are unbelievable. You get building societies on TV, coming on with adverts. Building societies (they're geezers who let you have mortgages for to buy houses with) are supposed to be non-profit making organizations so I'm kind of baffled as to why they're on TV advertising in the first place. And, secondly, they talk about the "financial product". What is a "financial prod-

uct"? That's making a nonsense of the English language. But everybody else buys it so it must be me that's going off his crust. This is the sort of thing I'm trying to cope with on this record and, obviously, it needs a bit of explaining.

Q: Do you see any where in the world that's in a better situation than England?

A: Certainly. Here, the U.S., Germany, Spain. Soon the Eastern bloc will overtake us. Recently, Britain overtook Turkey on the number of political prisoners. Do you know what I'm talking about? It's madness. It's chaos. No wonder I use the word "mad" now and again.

Q: Does it bother you that people try to pigeon-hole your style, to call you a mixture between this guy and that guy?

A: Yes, but to an extent I understand it because I like individuals. Most of the people I like are people who are individuals in wildly different ways. I suppose to an extent people perceive me as a kind of nutty individual stomping about. But I don't like being perceived as nutty for profit because that's not what I'm about. I'm not hamming up the mad Englishman for profit, that's insulting. As far as comparisons go, the trouble is, people don't listen hard enough. One gets the Robin Hitchcock comparison a lot. I listen to Robin Hitchcock records and know the words and sing along, and he listens to our records, but we're not really doing the same thing at all. He uses his imagination all the time, he writes in code and I just report literally what I see going on around me. Most of my songs are just reporting absolutely straight the things I see going on in the street around me.

Q: You say you like individuals. You used to have a lot of references to individuals in your songs but you haven't got any on this album. Is there a reason for that?

A: Yeah, we're saving them all up for the next album. The next LP is going to be hand all about real people. There is stuff about specific people on this record...

Q: But there's no names dropped.

A: No, but that's more by chance to tell the honest truth. We have started writing for the next LP and let me tell you, there's a few names get checked there.

Q: You've used sampling on your last couple of albums. Is that a new sort of direction? Why did you start using that and are you going to continue?

A: Yes. For one thing, I think it sounds great. I've been listening to sampling for a while. I like the "zazze dialogue" or monologue than to just another ghastly guitar solo, you know another sort of walling, fake-blues guitar solo. I like something else to listen to. The other place where it really benefits us is this business of direct reportage. Taking as a case in-point "Do the Bubonic Plague". If I had just written the lyrics and sung it [singing] "They've got Bubonic Plague in Texas in 1985" everyone would've said, "Oh, get out. He's off his crust. What a creative wacky guy he is." But if I use the actual radio broadcast from the Texas news, there's no way they can say it's being wacky. It's Texas that's wacky. Here we are in one of the most highly developed countries in the entire world, a technological giant of a country, and what happens? Right down in one of their richest states, there's this vile old medieval disease running around. If I tried to say that with my own voice, no one would believe a word. But I can get them to condemn themselves from their own mouths. So sampling is useful to me. It's part of my sort of battle for people to see that it's not Pat that's crazy, it's the people he's writing about.

Q: There's two reasons for and for the first week, untouchable. One is that we don't know to the rest of us, go out to try to grab the Kiszzy was calling him Jean floating voter by the back Pierre in his face because of the hair. We've been Kiszzy, being Kiszzy, thought doing this for a few years that was his real name. And we've got many more voters than we ever thought. We would, in the constituency, following the group, the Stones and tour in your Thelge guys know what we fifties?

A: I look like. The NME [New Musical Express] said it was one. If I'm 50, I might go out to try to grab the Kiszzy was calling him Jean floating voter by the back Pierre in his face because of the hair. We've been Kiszzy, being Kiszzy, thought doing this for a few years that was his real name. And we've got many more voters than we ever thought. We would, in the constituency, following the group, the Stones and tour in your Thelge guys know what we fifties?

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APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT APPLICANT: Pat Fish, Jazz Butcher

WORK EXPERIENCE (CONTINUED)

Fishbowl (1987)

Another tour

Validated three dates at Tom Pamp, Vancouver, B.C.

Spooky EP (1988)

Recorded at CBC Toronto

Available only in Canada.

Big Planet Scary Planet (1989)

Third Vancouver date November, 1989, Commodore Ball room.

MISCELLANEOUS

Politically left

Vigilantly vegetarian.

REFERENCES

To most things, including: Bopha, his lones, on Mont

son-children, Bopha Plague, Love, Peter Love, Island

duck, whatever drinking press, the work, compilation, J.

panies, Matt E. Smith, Cassella, vaccination, Kests, etc.

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Exene Cervenka

After several great albums and a marriage gone sour, X now seem destined for rock 'n' roll mythology. But Exene still sings the blues - she just sings them a little softer. She's made a record without X; "Old Wives' Tales" is Exene at her best: music of the apocalypse. Disorder met with Exene when she recently passed through town. She told us some tales - we wrote 'em down.

Rumors persist that X has not officially disbanded. What is the status of the group? That's probably me, because we're not people that go around making decisions like "We're broke up," "we're not broke up," "we're broke up." We're not people that go around official press reports, you know. We never issued any kind of press thing saying we're broke up. We don't have a record deal right now: our record contract is up with Elektra. But we never made any decision about whether we were going to break up or not. That's ridiculous. That's like saying, "O.K., I've decided from now on that I will only read books that start with "R." You just don't decide things. Maybe one day you go, "God, it's so weird, for the last month I've been reading books that start with the letter "W." I prefer to let things fall where they fall and never ever try to force fate. But, you know, we just don't even think about it. We're X and we're always gonna be X. I had a baby and John had a baby, and you don't have any idea what your future's going to be or what your future's going to be. You just let it happen - whatever happens.

You're still in touch with your old band-mates then?
Oh yes.

What's Billy Zoom doing?
I don't know what he's doing.

When X made it's debut almost ten years ago, it was dubbed by many as the best and most important new American band, enjoy-

You're comfortable then, with your achievements, as far as...

Well, you have to be comfortable with whatever you achieve in life. You cannot have regrets and you cannot wish for more than you have.

Whereabouts?
Sandpoint. Sandpoint, which is not that far from here. It's just below Bonners Ferry, north of Coeur D'Alene. I don't know if you're familiar with Idaho, but it's pretty close to the Canadian border.

Yeah, I've spent fair bit of time in North Carolina, and it's a very backward, as people would say, God-fearing country. No, I'm not at all. It's a lot more like Washington State or Oregon, and the town where I live is very progressive. They have theatre, and such things, and there's some organizing, you know, against nuclear, and environmental, and so on. It's a rather progressive. Of course, it's not people who are. It's not people who are.

But so does Los Angeles.
You know, people who are more worried
about their families than the future of the
world. But that's normal, and that's any-
where.

In the past, you're always in the imagery in your writing, and you transition from L.A. to Sandpoint as well. But since I don't know if it was weird or not. But since I grew up in a completely rural environment, and then lived in Los Angeles off and on for twelve years, considering touring three to six months out of the year, I was only in L.A. an average of six to nine months out of the year. It was a very welcome change. Both my husband [actor Viggo Mortensen] and I just could not wait to get out of Los Angeles. In fact, we left with our son when he was about six months old and we just drove. We had no idea where we were going. We just left.

So it wasn't a decision to just get to Idaho?
No. We didn't have any idea. We looked at a bunch of different states and, in fact, we've recently been thinking about going to Canada. But I don't know if we want to do that 'cause he's an actor and he has to be in Hollywood. In fact, we have to go back there for three months for him to look for work. Whenever our money runs out we have to...

How has motherhood affected your life and writing?

Well, I learned how to play guitar and wrote most of the stuff for the album after I had the baby and after I moved to Idaho. I never could learn guitar in Los Angeles. I think it was too intimidating with the people I knew there that were such good musicians. And then I figured I just never made time for myself. I guess there's so many distractions in a big city. And when I got to Idaho I realized I had a choice to not play music anymore 'cause when signed with Geffen and X wasn't signed. And I figured, "Well, that's the end of X, maybe - who knows, but probably." What do I do now? I can do anything I want. Do I want to be a poet? Or do I want to paint? And I ended up learning to play guitar and writing songs, which made me happy. I think I've been writing songs for 15 years now that I really wanted to do, instead of being in X. And that's what I wanted to do. So I think that's why I'm so happy now with the record and the tour.

So motherhood suits you fine?
Motherhood suits me fine because it gives you time to think and reflect about your life. And what you're doing is kind of mindless in a way. I think you really use your concentration and your mental abilities to raise a child. But on the other hand, sitting on the floor playing a ball back and forth, or reading the cookbook over and over, or just hearing this nursery, or the washing machine while the baby is watching the carter who now plays in the mud (it's so mentally stimulating). We sometimes go through certain periods of stress, you know, to think and think. And it's so stimulating to think of things you don't think about. You put your mind to constantly on edge. Your mind is constantly in a funk, and it's completely on overdrive.

...and
(laughs). Yeah. Probably it isn't. It's probably
just

Crutcher on his "What's Your Favorite Oldies" album sales show: I said that you were
going to make the record only under the
condition that Tony Clavier would be there.
David Byrne as guitarist for "I Wanna
Be Like You Are" 1987) produce it. What was
this condition made?

Because I knew 100 percent in my heart that
I was not going to make any decision and any-
thing else would be the wrong decision. The
reason I knew that was because I love him
and he's really smart about music, and a great
song writer. And he really thinks that I
can sing good and write good songs. So we
have a perfect amount of mutual respect, and
I know that he knows all these great musi-
cians and can really work with people. I
mean, he's perfect as producer. I hope he
produces other people

Tony also plays guitar on the album and lends some vocal accompaniment. Julie Christensen of *The Divine Horsemen* also sings. What can you tell me about the album's other players? Well, Eliza Gilkyson is Tony's sister and she's a singer. Julie and Eliza are really tremendous singers, and I was really happy they sang on the album. And the other guys are a band called *The Bombers* from Santa Barbara, California. They're like an actual band that Tony knew as a band and he said, "Well, why get three guys who don't know

Are The Bombers on tour with you now?
No, actually they're not. I have a different bass player, Duke. But Jim and Tony are.

In the past you've appeared on record with Julie's husband, Chris Desjardins (of The Fleshaters and The Divine Horsemen). Are there any plans for you to return her favour and sing on a Divine Horsemen album?

She's not in The Divine Horsemen anymore. She's got a solo deal with PolyGram Records. She's a tremendous singer. She sings like really amazing blues and jazz standards and stuff. Just tremendous. But I don't think I'd sing on her record. No, it's going to be more of a straight-ahead kind of thing.

How much of this album is autobiographical?
Very little. I would say, "Biggest Memory" and um, I can't run through every song. But I would have to say... just "Biggest Memory." The rest is about other people, hence the "he," "she," "they," "we" on the inside sleeve; except "Coyote on the Town," which is actually one Tony wrote about a coyote, seen from a coyote's eye point of view.

friends and about people I admire or would like to know. Like "Famous Barmaid" is about a famous person that I don't know but would like to. And "Coastal Trees" is about a friend of mine who had a bad relationship, but it's a universal female theme - and male too, for that matter. "She Wanted" and "Gravel" are about imaginary seditionaries, revolutionaries, that don't exist, needless to say.

What about "White Trash Wife"?
That's kind of autobiographical. It's just that thing about when you do things that are so trashy that your friends just look at you and think, "God, I can't believe you did that. You're sooo trashy." Me and Tony worked on the words to that a little. Mostly that I wrote, and then he contributed, I think, the last verse or something.

Back to religion, you've consistently dealt with the topic with what appears to be something of a morbid fascination...
Oh I don't think it's morbid. Why is it morbid?

Well you write in a manner that seems to be cynical towards typical religious attitudes. I'm wondering if you're trying to find your own spiritual identity by writing these types of songs. Or are you just making distant observations about other people and about their situations?

I think that those two things are good and perceptive of you. I think everyone's trying to make their own spiritual way in the world. Constantly. And people who stop the search

Interview by Scott Chernoff

I don't really see myself as cynical. I'm not pessimistic or negative, or any of those words

and go, "This is my religion." I think that's wrong in a way because I think that they could discover more if they didn't just stop at a religion. And I, don't really see myself as a person who is religious. I'm more of a mystic or maybe, or any of those words that have been applied to me. Because I think that it's really important to think about these things, to talk about these things, to not take people's words at face value. I think that religion or difficult things that have to do with, confront, like politics, and say, "That's not a part of life. I don't talk about that." I talk about... I talk about love. I talk about happiness. I talk about music. I talk about materialism. I talk about money. I talk about drugs. I talk about liquor. But I think that it's just the worst kind of perception of people like me. Because I'm the one who has to go out and do things that are not good for me. I think one else is too chickenhearted to do it. And I don't think it's morbid to think about life as a whole piece that can't be, you know, just slice off pieces you don't want to accept. I think that's the way to live. I think that's like, "He's Got a Son," even though the people don't have any money, is tremendously positive because it's about people who don't have money who are really happy. I think that's the way to live. They could care less if they have that junk.

You know, I've had people ask me why I write about poor people. I'm writing about

D • MAGAZINE

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A word from us to u...

Sometimes life is funny. As we wander through this world, seemingly in a stardust daze, agog at the wonders before us, it behooves one to consider the changes that do occur. As poet laureate Robert Dylan once scribbled, the times they are a changin'. But conversely, the more things change the more they remain the same. Or do they?

We still strive for the unreachably, for we are merely (or should I say dead?) human - it is our nature to want what we may never obtain. But that is fine, or even more than that, it is necessary. The struggle of hope makes one's life blood truly a blood of life, it lends our senses and assemblage a heart and soul, it enables our lives to take on form like one's breath does on an icy winter morn. What does all this didactic prose have to do with D-MAG™? Well, recently yours truly was savouring the joy of a fine Trendcor recyclable cigarette whilst leafing through past issues of said mag. In the October 1989 (Remember 1989, when people still really talked, and I mean TALKED, to each other!) issue I came across an amusing letter written by one Mark Sloden in which he laments our change to the "tabloid" format and possible "uppyzing" (a choice negative connotation intended) of Disorder* (D-MAG's original name). It's amusing to look back and recall the lowly level from which D-MAG™ has arisen and the roots from which DISORDER CHANNEL™ grew, and consider what if we had not been ambitious enough to pursue a dream, to reach for the unreachably; if instead we had been content to be just Disorder* "that magazine from CTR*", pondering to the so-called "alternative community", for only the most minuscule of personal rewards in return. To change is to live, because life is change. Birth, life, death - THE recycling cycle - is the basis of every human thought and sensation, and each issue of D-MAG is at once a birth, life, and death. For those of us who work on this publication, D-Mag is the blood of life. Strive, reach, change - LIVE. It's all there is.

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D • Magazine, that esoteric literary supplement to the DISORDER Channel, is published weekly by DISORDER Communications® Inc. The magazine strives to provide a fresh™, alternative® and underground® approach to the Vancouver entertainment scene. D • Mag prints what its corporate sponsors want, as well as the DISORDER Channel® "In Your Eyes" Heads Up™ listings. D • Mag welcomes submissions to its classified editorial / advertising segments by FAX at 228-9583-43. "I'm gonna hammer those fuckers into the ground with my mighty words!" - Kinski Jr.

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everyday

Sign on 5:57 am: the D Channel is on the air;

5:58 - **Up and Atom** : host Art Bergmann.

Watch your favourite rockers lead you in a morning exercise class to the sounds of their latest releases; this mornings guest Paula™.

6:32 - **Cartoons for Cybervores** : host Mitchell Meatatear.

7:04 - **Cartoon News** : Peter Ralston reads the latest breaking stories from the Middle East while introducing classic cartoons with his hand.

7:38 - **Carton of Toons**: esoteric cartoons from the eastern edge. Today Boris Natalovia's Dance of the Cybers.

8:44 - **Cyberdrama** : a cd-vidcom presented in glorious cybercolour.

9:31 - **Cannabis Cultivation** : host Jonny Reeseferece discusses the do's and don'ts of hydroponics, plus daily growers guide.

10:12 - **777 Cybernostica Lane** : Aleister and Layla find themselves having an argument about advanced tantric theory.

10:45 - **Cybercooking with Nardwuar** : microwave mysteries revealed by DISORDER Channel's favourite host and publisher of D + Mag, Nardwuar the human recycloclon.

11:07 - **As The World Learns** - D Channels environmental soap opera featuring a cast of billions and starring old Mother Earth.

11:59 - **Hot Lunch** - vidcom previews, cd-rm reviews, the latest techno-news from Tokyo, and lots of cyberwisdom. Host: Ronnie.L. Flow.

12:41 - **Make Mine New** - a documentary of the emerging consumer religions and their effect on the Gross International Project.

13:04 - **Afternoon Vidatop** - Tempered Treason, 1996. (Created for Pay-TV) The story of a once powerful, now disgraced, former Actor/ Dictator still living in the world's most post-industrial nation.

15:51 - **Youth Terminal Uplink** - the EDU Channel goes online with D Channel as students get out of school. Hyperviolent protest reports, new discoveries, more noise, and the best of toe-sex in fifty-three dimensions.

nightly features

15:51:54 - **Home Animation** - A showcase of student animation. This week's vid-coms come from Cold Lake Canada, Heilbronn Germany, and Earth Station 17.

16:40 - **Special: The ISS/AI Co-Conference on Holistic Healing**. Sponsored by the EDU Channel, this *entire week* live from NEW CHINA.

17:45 - **The U-"Hour"** - With your host Umberto, the King of Umberto's Smockateria.

18:40 - **BGM** (with your editor) in Concert. Live From the Commodore, Direct to Satellite.

20:19 - **Movie: Cocaine Vampires On The Loose** (7 part Miniseries) (1991) Paranoid conspiracy theories abound in this hilarious black comedy from the creators of *Government Stole My Life*. (home taping blixpires Jan.08)

20:20 - **Visual Feast** : Interactive Ballet using studio holograms.

23:32 - **Science Faction Theatre**: Heavy Truths: A Cyberian play based the Periodic Table of the Elements.

1:01 - **Psychadelicatessen** - new vids from the alternate depths, hosted by the Master of Middleclass John Trube.

2:35 - **Teddy Bears Picnic** - Music and words from Galactic Central.

3:33 - **2 Minute Sign-Off** - we readjust our transmitter just for u.

3:35 - **Nightly Sign-On**.

4:40 - **Vegetarian Crockery with Pasquall**. Sponsored by the EDU Channel, this *entire week* live from NEW CHINA.

4:55 - **What are your neighbors thinking?** - Weekly results of VRCA Consumer Aptitude Test hosted by Douglas Miller. Compare your answers and see if u fit in!

5:09 - **Best of McDonald's™** - This week's favourite commercial classics include: "Old guy gets a job" in which we learn the value of our senior citizens, and "Special Sauce", a touching musical that heralds the importance of inter-ethnic cohesion.

5:21 - **Visual Feast** : Skydiving shock therapy - join convicted felons in your own home through holograms!

5:32 - **The Krystal Korner**: Bringing in the Aquarian age - souvenir smocks, autographed by your dead relatives and the host-channeller Dana Zalko available at Umberto's Smockateria only \$349.

5:45 - **Psychadelicatessen** - new vids from the alternate depths, hosted by the Master of Middleclass John Trube.

5:52 - **5 Minute Shutdown** - dead air as we shutdown to allow our equipment to cool to a safe operational temperature. Get some sleep - we'll see you soon.

>>>Remember: every hour on the hour DISORDER Channel presents

"A Masturbatory Moment" featuring various rising new stars in very provocative skits...just for your own personal satisfaction!

DISORDER™ CHANNEL ANNOUNCES NEW TVI / HEADS UP™ TECHNOLOGICAL BREAK-THROUGH!

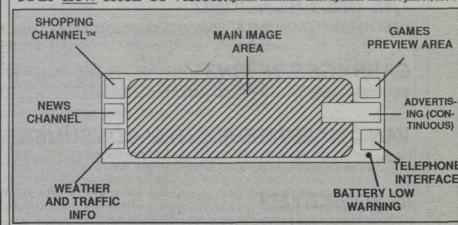
Scientists at the DISORDER™ laboratories have announced a further software/hardware combination update to the already available Transmitted Vision Interface technology made available in North America by the Heads Up!™ Corporation with their Heads Up!™ Lifestyle Command Center, and in Japan by SONY with the Walkworld™. The new updates, outlined in the key below, will allow TVI users greater freedom - not only in that more choices will be available to them, but in that the pocket-sized transmitter has been reduced to the weight of a pack of cigarettes, and is the same size, too! In addition, customers will now be able to custom-design the TVI contact inserts for that added fashion extra! (photo at left shows new TVI Contact™ with the familiar D + Magazine™ logo).



DISORDER™ CHANNEL UPDATE 5.53 CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING:

- elimination of troublesome pay-as-you-view charge indicator
- weather, shopping and news channels for greater variety
- interactive game preview area to be used with TVI Power Glove™
- fully interactive telephone interface for increased convenience and communicative ability
- balance of image to, true vision now easier to adjust using leather touch controls on transmitter/receiver

Your new field of vision: (please memorize these updates: effective Jan. 14, 2000)



you CAN'T get enough of that SUGAR KRISP™

MARVEL - SONY PRESENTS: COMIK SICKO-FANTASTIK COMIX

Hey all you cyberfolks, leigh here with another fabulous report from the world of comik conscous in from Tokyo where the premiere of Alan Moore's latest videocomic was a smash success. Over jammed into the Tokyo Sports Arena for an intimate gathering to celebrate the release of Sons of third chapter in comics biggest ever commercial hit.

The publicists told us that 32 million copies were being shipped worldwide and half that not pre-sold. What a party! Kevin Eastman (Turtles) and Dave Sim (Cerebus) were carried away on a limboing too much happy powder while editor emeritus Cat Ironwood was said to have been looking after the shindig.

Speaking of Cat, her ex-business, Eclipse Comics and Tapes, has just bought up the rights to Trek I episodes. Seems the good folk at Eclipse want to re-re-release the shows as a videocomik cross-indexed historical commentary, Hoo-Bo!

Mark Beyer (Agony) has moved to Ireland to escape the IRS. His income was estimated at year and Mark has decided that offshore is the better part of valour. Charles Burns (El Borra), Ma in crime, has negotiated a new deal with Sony-Marvel that gives him complete creative freedom. I scheduled to be a videocomic adaptation of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

Peter Bagge (Pee-Bag to his friends) has bought the complete R. Crumb catalogue and is the whole lot if Sophie continues with the divorce proceedings. Uh-oh! In a related item, Aline Komine to donate her hair to UCLA Medical if the school can come up with a reason for wanting it.

Under the heading of Whatever Happened To? Ex-wunderkind Chester Brown (Yummy Fur), ago for his startling visions, has finally surfaced. Seems the "brilliant young creator" dropped out of feature films. His entry into that moribund industry explains why he appeared "to drop out of sight" part of a decade. Talk about fogging a dead horse. Meister Cheenster, haven't you heard? Film is reverse progression and get back into comics where you belong. Billions away your return.

The final word on the comics-pyola scandal of '99 is in and your correspondent walked away Good lawyers and clean living will tell. So until next time, psyranora, LRW.

SCIENTISTS CALL IT "POST-PRONIAL HEADACHE"

YOU CALL IT "A LITTLE TOO MUCH MSG"

THE POLICE CALL IT "BREAKING THE LAW"

USING OR OBTAINING MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE IS A FEDERAL OFFENCE.
REPORT ANY MSG USERS/DEALERS TO YOUR LOCAL CSIS DETACHMENT

L Motion

by Janis "Reel-Tek Synthetic Leather™" McKenzie

So hey, funky dudes and babes, if your TV's been on the blink for the past month or so and you haven't seen me on the L Motion Reel-Tek™ Soothing Toons Show plugging this thing, here's your last chance to take my advice and put on your Reel-Tek™ fringed pants and platforms and head down to 86 Street™ this weekend for the best show so far this year, **DOA with Deviant and the Clones**, on the first night of their North American **Be A Rebel Almond Champagne-Method Sparkling Wine™** Tour. This hot mama (and the kids, natch) are gonna be there, in our matching puce and black Reel-Tek Punk Rock Ensembles™ from that nifty place Hate Ashbury on the Commercial Thoroughway. But besides the free Synthetic Leather (and Be A Rebel Almond Champagne-Method Sparkling Wine) samples I'll be handing out, it'll be worth showing up to see DOA's brand new lineup: **Tom Hooper** (once of the hippie-type band **Grapes of Wrath**, recently named Reel-Tek's Synthetic Leather Dad of the Year) will be joining **Joseph S.**, **Ian Noble**, **Mike Shea**, and **Randy Bachman** for the first time on 86 Street's rustic Reel-Tek Pine Cone and Heaps-O-Snow™ revolving stage. And, as always, daycare facilities are included in the \$59.95 ticket price. Bargoon!

Well, that's all I've got time for now. And if you're reading this, all I can say is, get together and buy a decent TV! (Reel-Tek makes great ones, the Heads Up Lifestyle Command Centre™, starting at only \$1200) and tune in to the real thing, the L Motion Reel Tek™ Soothing Toons Show!

...and while you're thinking of sex, why not run down to the Fast 'N' Loose® shop nearest you to pick up a fun and functional mood condom?

Feng Development™ and White Rose Realty™ present:

OUR TIMES with

DR. M. SHERBET

FENG CHUI?
GESUNDHEIT.



After two demoralizing shut-outs from city council C.O.P.E. party representatives still feel they have a say in Vancouver's future. Fow, except for the remaining basement suite renters not yet pushed outside Vancouver proper, support their contention that Kerrisdale has become another West End. Certainly, density figures might bear them out, but Kerrisdale is, let's say, high-density with a difference. Look at Kerrisdale's lavish new Feng Gardens, then stick it in your respirator, Mr. Rankin.

The four 30-story towers that make up Feng Gardens are a marvelous hybrid of classical Roman design, and the pleasing principles of the eastern "Feng Chui." The towers are consciously placed in perfectly aligned north, south, east and west directions. Each tower is meant to represent one season of the year. Developers have kept some of the most striking design features for the "fall" and "winter" towers in order to stave off the expected rush for "spring" and "summer" suites. Residents of a similar development in Bellevue, Washington describe the "harmonizing" effect their homes have on them. "A surprising balance is struck when one is in tune with the year's birth, growth, and death," says ex-Californian Mary Sunshower.

Another unique difference at Feng Gardens is the chic underground Burger King™ restaurant, lying below the towers' terraced court-yard. The restaurant's spokesperson explains this will be the first of a number of adult-oriented eateries, which they expect will draw the high number of child-less couples in the city.

The anticipated clamor for suites will begin January 2, 2000. One day, January 3rd, will be for sales to white Canadian citizens only, which should calm the nerves of Vancouver's Anglo minority.

Call 766-7332-86 for booking information.

One other bit of good news on the Kerrisdale development front. Infamous holdout and bungalow owner, Sam Bartlett, was carried out of his home on a stretcher just after agreeing to sell his property to White Rose Developments. It seems all his defiance over the building of White Rose Towers (stage three) cost him his health. He shouldn't be worrying about hospital bills though. White Rose bought Mr. Bartlett's 70-year old bungalow, pear trees and all, for a tidy \$3.5 million dollars.

Your local telephone company, in conjunction with your local CSIS detachment, presents:

"OVERHEARD ON YOUR PHONE LINES THIS WEEK"

Male Voice: I've put the body in a bag and it's in the freezer. A couple hours from now, no one's gonna know the difference.
2nd male voice: "OK, but let's remember one thing if (name) hears word one, we're gonna fry."

Male 1: Who the hell's gonna tell them...you? (laughs) Dec. 30, 1999 15:54 hrs.

If this conversation sounds familiar, you had best come talk to us, or...
Last week's loser: Mel Barnaby, 6654 Arbutus Loop, for failing to own up to the following: "I'd dress up in my old Boy Scout's uniform, and you can be the old lady...and I'll have to help you across the street, ok?" - Call "The Boy Scout" at 244-3458-8711

Sendorz Pharmaceuticals, manufacturers of Serenitab® anti-anxiety tablets, presents another look at our stupid history.

DON'T LOOK BACK!!

NOTE: Long time Discorder channel™ scriptwriter Patrick Carroll recently discovered the following piece, written in 1979 for his high school newspaper, and we thought it might be amusing to reproduce it here:

What can you say about a year that marries punk rock to disco (Blondie's "Heart of Glass") and also embraces new wave to the extent that The Knack's LP goes gold faster than any 1st release (13 days) since the Beatles? Damn if I know, but here with no particular order or coherence are my thoughts on 1979 and the decade to come.

Aside from The Knack, an obvious choice as the band to watch during the next ten years, other new wave bands that made a mark this year include The Police, Joe Jackson, Talking Heads, and... and release from a new group called The B-52s. Out of this collection I can't see any of them making any lasting impressions, aside from The Knack of course. I mean, think about it, you've got The Police who are some sort of spiky haired English Power Trio (a bad idea all round), Joe Jackson is too ugly to be a pop star, and the Talking Heads are too clever to appeal to anyone but some sort of urban professional - how many of those can there be in the world? Finally, these B-52 girls and girls are just too out of touch. I mean, Beehive hairdos!! This was old before I was born; the 60s ended ten years ago, stop it already! Anyway, they are from some god forsaken small college town in Georgia and whoever heard of any bands from the south except Molly Hatchet and Lenard Skinner (sic)?

Bands that do matter begin with Fleetwood Mac, whose Tusk is a brilliant followup to the exquisite Rumours. I would go as far as to agree with Rolling Stone that this is their "White Album!" The Eagles continue to make exciting records, and ELO's greatest hits package shows them to be the exciting pop innovators I've always said they were.

For the eighties I predict the end of all these soul-less dance bands with their drum machines, especially the English ones. I also tend to think that black musicians are going to be playing to a black audience; the days of crossover pop acts like the Jackson 5 are over and those boys are going to have a lot of spare time on their hands. That's it for 1979, and remember to hold on to those wideleg disco pants, they will be big in England in ten years.

Whew! Wrong again! Time for a relaxing Serenitab®

BETTY
COOPER™
in



CYBERBAG™

Smocks, beautiful smocks. Day by day, work or play, we all wear them and we all love them. I stopped by Umberto's Smockateria #43 in the Yellow Zone of The Mall to chew the fat with Pinky, Umberto's Work-Star of the Week.

Betty: That sure is a nice smock you're wearing, Pinky.
Pinky: Thanks, I just got it at Umberto's Smockateria #79 in the Green Zone.

B: Same with mine!
P: Small Mall! Heh, heh, heh. But seriously, Betty, you can search the great Malls of the planet but you won't find a better smock anywhere than right here at Umberto's Smockateria with 107 stalls to serve you all day, every day.

B: One hundred and seven stalls!
P: Well, I'll let you in on a little secret. There's no Umberto's Smockateria #13 because that's bad luck. But more stores are opening all the time including nineteen in The Mall's brand new Chaireuse Zone.

B: So how did you get to be Work-Star of the Week?
P: I sold 27,000 smocks at Umberto's Smockateria #43. But I really have Umberto, Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, to thank for that because these smocks are so beautiful and well-made they practically sell themselves! Made of a comfy yet o-s-durable and stylish cotton-veggy blend, each smock from Umberto's Smockateria is painstakingly hand-stitched by a staff of specially-trained chimpers. And of course every smock is expirly dated.

B: How come?
P: Umberto, Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, is the pioneer of Fast 'n' Fresh Fashion™. When he started the very first Umberto's Smockateria almost seven years ago in that little stall in the Blue Zone, he had two things in mind: Fashion must be Fast and Fashion must be Fresh. From those basic ideas, Umberto, Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, developed a smock that is versatile yet ultra-stylish, planet-friendly yet comfortable. Each smock is dated for Fashion Freshness so no one will ever be out of style again! After the expirly date, simply feed it to the dog or throw it in the compost room: one smock from Umberto's Smockateria will heat the house for a full ninety minutes! And who wants to use of all their leisure allotment searching for the right smock? Buying a new smock at Umberto's Smockateria is as quick 'n' easy as pie. At Umberto's Smockateria, we always have your size because we know exactly what you want. Just come on in to The Mall to any of the 107 stalls of Umberto's Smockateria open seven days a week, 24 hours a day, and step into the cool and relaxing U-Booth™. Two minutes later you're the proud owner of a crisp new smock, made especially for you. No fuss, no muss, no lineups, no waiting around for alterations. No shrinkage, no unsightly hanging threads. And all this week, bring the kids in for a FREE poster of Umberto, Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, with Mr. Happy Smock™!

B: What's your future plans?
P: Well, my ultimate dream is to be Umberto's Work-Star of the Year! Of course I'll have to work really hard for that honour but it's worth it. Just thinking about so many people comfortably and stylishly wearing Umberto's Fast 'n' Fresh Fashion™ from Umberto's Smockateria makes me all bubbly inside. And then I'd get to be on the U-Hour on Disorder Channel™, hosted by the Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, Umberto himself!

B: Anything you'd like to close with?
P: You know what Umberto, Founder and King of Umberto's Smockateria, always says, Smocks To The People!

Umberto's Smockateria, Home of Fast 'n' Fresh Fashion™, One hundred and seven stalls throughout The Pacific Seasons™ Mall to serve you 24 hours a day, seven days a week. They know exactly what you want.

D.A.T. - VIEW

This week, the fine folks at PolyGrabb™ have come out with a number of new releases for eager consumers to slap into the digital tape decks. As a bonus, PolyGrabb's sales reps have announced a new lease/buying plan for DAT 's that should enable the average labourer to purchase these products directly from the distributor, eliminating the markup added on by retailers. PolyGrabb™ expects these tapes to go for as little as \$45 per.



Mentats (Blessed Rocks): Mentats are a push band from Australia and are worth checking out. The lead singer strangles himself while standing in flames and reciting some really weird cosmic poetry... the effect is to slay. The sound is stock thrashcore-buzzsaw-brainbash and the drummer is possessed by friendly demons. Good lyrics, good tunes. (Core-sounds)

Kenny Kingston's Creationist Chorus: No shit, I picked this up to \$.99 at the Goodwill tape department (many deals). After listening to it twice I have decided that Kenny is not a bad guy, just seriously misguided. The tape was cut in Florida so try and imagine the musicianship. The whole thing sounds sort of like the Sunshine Band meets Jerry Lee's cousin in a barfright. Cuts include "What A Friend We Have In Jesus", "Don't care what they say" Monkey Ain't Human", and "Walk On The Wild Side". (Pharise)

Have your neighbors been happier than you lately? How about filling out the Consumers Aptitude Test together...good shopping habits can make a world of difference!

hyperkitchen...with Viola Funk - brought to you by Cudd™ chu-snax

HOT NEWS on the MSG front: Health Authorities (HA) are planning a full-scale crackdown on all the seedy little dens of infamy in Chinatown that you and I know and love. Any location under suspicion will be subject to a thorough ransacking, and anyone on the premises, to prosecution under good of Bill X-33. Tom, a 22-year-old dealing out of a shabby room in a downtown eastside hotel, says he fears the impending clampdown because it will not only throttle a lot of his suppliers, but also "Well, ya know, I'm gonna have like herds of desperate glutes beating a path to my door. I mean, I'm happy with things the way they are now; couple customers a night keeps me in Twinkies™ for the rest of the week eh, but fuck. You know how these junkies are get...Anything for a fix eh..." Truth is, some disquieting parallels might be drawn from today's scene to that of 10 years ago when the crack-crazy were becoming brazen enough to assault passersby in broad daylight in desperate bids for cash. An' what does all that stuff do now that you can buy it as easily as a bottle of Benlyin™-DM? Sit in London Drugs™ and gather dust. If ya ask me they may as well deregulate MSG and rid themselves (and me) of their worries. Anyway, be careful out there, shit will go down.

A MARTYR TO THE CAUSE... A 47-year-old woman was blasted to death in her Langley Kitchen yesterday after a random HA housecheck found her baking genuine chocolate brownies. "Mom said we were out of carob chips so she couldn't make us brownies after all, but then in the cupboard above the fridge she found an old Eat-More™ and melted it down for the recipe," said a subdued 11-year-old who witnessed the incident. "It was harsh; they vaporised everything - Mom, the brownies, even the bowl I was about to lick. What a waste." The surviving family members were packing for an HA-imposed 4-week stint at the Healthcamp in Matsui when the interview. The Eat-More™ wrapper was salvaged from the debris and has been taken to forensic labs for age determination.

AMID ALL THE HULLABALOO about the newest Joe's® opening on West 4th, now might be the time to remind you that the original location up on the Commercial Thoroughway does indeed still exist. It's worth fighting your way through the fly-buzzing ghettoes of the East Side just for a tall comforting glass of Mocha - even if you do get nabbed and hafta pay the hefty toll exacted by the Asian youth conglomerate manning the Stamps Place overpass. Adds a bit of excitement to one's afternoon away. **THE NEWEST CONTENDER** in the chocofake bar sweepstakes, **SNAK-UMS™**, boasts "the lowest Tofood content of any bar on the market" but your independent taster still found it pretty pale in comparison to the chocolate extravaganzas of days of yore. On the other hand, the 55¢ price, only \$5.14 even after Federal taxes, is sure to be a big drawing card. But that hokey ad endorsement by Prime Minister Atwood is just going a bit too far, in my opinion.

ONE LAST BULLETIN... True Confections' most recent known whereabouts, in the basement of a cithome at 1117 Bute, is now defunct. You wanna avoid that address as it's crawling with HA surveillance. **HYPERKITCHEN** will keep you posted when next we obtain word of its locale.

Viola Funk

[Ed.'s note: Oh no it won't. That is, we regret to announce that this is the last HYPERKITCHEN that will ever appear in D-Magazine. The Health Authorities have made allegations that, in light of HYPERKITCHEN's "subversive, non-weight-conscious content" it would "be in the best interests of all concerned were publishing thereof to cease forthwith." In addition, for some time now D-Mag has been receiving lengthy petitions from adherents of Church for the Fit-for-Life, one of the most powerful lobbying bodies in the nation, against the running of HYPERKITCHEN and financial sanctions against the publishers are being threatened of late. It is with a sense of loss (and not a little curiosity as to where she'll manage to find the funds for that MSG habit of hers) that we bid columnist Funk goodbye after almost 11 years of hack work for us.]

"I was hungry...on the go...had no time to stop for eats. Luckily, I had eaten a Cudd™ Chu-snax bar earlier that day. With a simple fix of the esophageal sphincter, I had a delicious four course meal to last the rest of the drive!"

Coffinage (Coffinage): Truly tunes complemented by many psychotropic. Fu. These people (2 mms, 2 fem) have found the key to better living through electronic mutation and in this tape they share their secret. I wanna blow a taplat! "bundy does the cross", "no hope, no hate, no harm", "do your best". This band rules the entire world and is collectively giving birth to a new style of music. I hear in this band a soft and fast Jazzgroove groove w/edits from the earth that bring form to spirit. Needless to say, I am totally involved with this band. Do not pass, go and buy this tape. (XRI)



Jamalan Jules (Vol. 2): My current favourite Reggae cd was recorded and compiled in 1993 by some people in a living room with a Fastest 8, so the sound is not "on u" but the tunes make up for it. Mercury Mark is the singer, an outliner from the punk days who is still kicked out the jams. The only note he wrote on the tape (Don't Gho Tight) is powerful, positive, and redemptive to the ninth degree. As well, the wizard Winston Walker (who, I believe, the living room's owner) gets into a one hour magical groove that includes scratch and loop sounds mixed into backing tracks. Throughout the tune the rhythm tracks rule as Walker samples various classic vocal reggae cuts from the drum sounds and then brings it all together in a base blend melody. As with most compilations there are the usual stuffs mixed in with some Witchy Reggae. (Spiff)

The Reverend Rock: This greatest hit mixed qualifies as a major score for the creator. Revolt has been telling it like it is for many years and this release is worthy of everyone involved. "Cold Wind Above, Warm Wind Below" is one of the best love songs ever written; the '88 version was itself a class nugget. So recently '97) Rock walks into an L.A. studio and hires the best in the biz to put out this jackedupremberation. (WEA)

The Music of Three Machines (Collective Heartbeat): Crunchbeat from Northern Europe. These three (jazzcore) magicians kick musical ass. The drum attack (giga-beat fast) and the Joe Pass influenced bass tracks melt towards myth and the singer's sense responses are well documented. The grunts, moans, squeals, yelps, and whippers she offers to replace the usual guitar sound (that is never missed) represent a powerful force in the annals of modern music... First album. (Spiral Sounds)



Boris Badanov's Reggae: (Greatest Hits) This local group has been taking big steps in the bigtime since the release of their third album "Natasha Nose". We all know the story by now, led by songwriter Bob Balderson the legendary five piece ensemble combined soulful politics with slashing guitars and as other quirky west coast musicians united behind these tunes, a new sound was born. This greatest hits package reflects the legend well though they might have included "Lvin and dym in Gastown" or "Safe Animals", but generally the stuff here is choice choice. Cuts from "Raven on his Wing", "Vacation in Limbo", "Mr. Blotto and the Anti-Zine" and "Feminal City" are included. Though none of the usual radio fodder has been omitted the band has taken the time to select some of the more obscure cuts that they are happy with. (Sub-Pop/Virgin)

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Canada Post and D - Mag present: Letters to Airhead™

Dear Airhead: How come there are no local venues that allow people under 12 to see the bands? It's not like I haven't had a drink before! I missed every fucking concert in this stinkin' burg last year, and I have to wait another 2 yel! Huh! Junior Jr.

Dear Junior: As we all know, DISCORDE™ channel broadcasts "every fucking concert in this stinkin' burg" live, so buy a TV, score some drinks, and shut up!

**WHAT YOU WANT...
WHEN YOU WANT IT!**
**celebrating 20 years
of pure satisfaction!**



The CITR™ Mobile Sound™ system has been spinning, scanning, and scraping tunes for eager ears in the pacific southwest area since 1980, and as a special anniversary offer, we've lowered our prices to what they were in the 1980's! In addition, we've arranged for a limited number of vinyl-style "records" to be pressed for the occasion! Call Lane at 228-3017 (old-style phones only) to see how you can celebrate the way you folks used to-ON THE CHEAP!

MOBILE SOUND™ and CITR™ are registered trademarks of DISCORDE™, an INDEPENDENT™ GROUP MEMBER.

Cudd™ chu-snax

Can't think what you want?
Call 938-3559-92 to find out



Bob Greene
says:

"LET'S ALL PITCH IN TO CLEAN UP OUR DECAYING ENVIRONMENT!"

We all know that as a result of our stupid ancestors' greed and incompetence, our earthly environment is in a fragile state. At the Greenhouse, we sell **ONLY** products that have been approved in some way or another by Earthhelpers™ as either not harmful to the environment or, when marked with the familiar ☺ "Lesser of Two Evils™" logo, as the best choice available to us at this time. Let's get it together and clean up tyhis mess...Recycle as you Consume!

F • R • E • E

TOXI-TEST™ Urine test: **HOW MANY TOXIC CHEMICALS** in your body? Free in-store test tells you. Simply consult any one of our trained Greenhouse "physicians", he's the fellow on roller skates located at the pharmacy counter in any Greenhouse store.

The following products are part of our prestigious **MOTORCARE™** line and are designed to help keep your car on the road with less pollution!

MOTORCARE™ MOTOR OIL

☺
-no artificial colours.....\$7.95/l

MOTORCARE™ GAS LINE ADDITIVE

☺
-gives troublesome gasohol fumes that pleasant "outdoorsy" scent.....\$4.95/l

MOTORCARE™ RADIATOR COOLANT

-as non-toxic, clear, and chemical free as regular tap-water! >>NOT to be used as an anti-freeze<<.....\$14.95/l

MOTORCARE™ CARWASH SOLUTION

-made from a special mixture of 100% pure soap and 100% pure distilled water.....\$12.95/l

MOTORCARE™ FRESH - TREE

-made from 100% recycled paper - gives your automobile that fresh "pine" scent!.....\$12.95/l



Greenhouse™ Drain Opener*	\$7.45
Greenhouse™ Oven Cleaner*	\$8.45
Greenhouse™ Paint Stripper*	\$8.85
Greenhouse™ Scouring Pads*	\$6.25
Greenhouse™ Fabric Softener*	\$4.45
Greenhouse™ Floor Polish*	\$4.20
Greenhouse™ Carpet Cleaner*	\$6.85
Greenhouse™ Slug/Snail Killer*	\$7.95
Greenhouse™ Hand Soap	\$14.25
Greenhouse™ Hand Cleaner*	\$3.45
Greenhouse™ Rat Poison*	\$6.25
Greenhouse™ Toilet - Blu*	\$9.95

* Products marked with an asterisk may have negative environmental impact value, but are packaged in 100% Recycled Plastix™ containers.

WORK CLOTHES

-Late model smocks and jumpsuits near or slightly over the expiry date: choose from many styles. (Guaranteed not over 1 month out of style).....ask for prices at Trendor™ display

RECYCLORAMA™ PRODUCTS

The following products, while they are harmful, are made from second generation plastix™ and metals... of course, it's best not to use them at all, but in this day in age, **WHAT CHOICE DO YOU HAVE?**

RC Plastic Film \$17.95
-opaque, multicoloured film is ideal for use as food storage wrap or curtains. **ONLY.....**

RC Food Storage Tubs \$6
-each set contains 4 'yoghourt' size, 2 'margarine' size, and 2 4l milk bottle size containers - decorated with a variety of corporate logos to choose from. **ONLY.....**

RC Aluminum Serving Trays \$5.50
-light, sturdy aluminum - handily divided into entree, side - dish, and vegetable segments for ease of serving **ONLY.....**
-with dessert module **ONLY.....** \$7.50

RC Cigarettes .99
-did you know that at Greenhouse™ Smokendrz clinics each patient only smokes 30 - 40% of each cigarette? We chemically wash and re-roll the leftover tobacco in 100% recycled unbleached cigarette tubes and sell them under the RC banner for only (per pack).....

HOW CAN I HELP?

JOIN Earthhelpers™ by faxing, c/o Greenhouse™ products, 244-7825-37, for your official Earthhelpers™ membership card and 100% recycled cotton T-Shirt!!

You'll find Greenhouse™ stores in the following locations: Stalls 17, 120, 215, 217, 300(a) and 527 of Pacific Seasons™ Mall, Richmond Nature Park, 4275 Discovery Street (UEL Park 'n' Shop), Prospect Point (Stanley Parkville), Sea-Van Airport Duty Free Shop (Bellingham), Floors 25-27 of the Yale Hotel Towers, and at Whistler Village next to the SkiTrain station.

FAMILY LIFESTYLES® presented by..
NICOTIME



Lifestyles tip #23: Mom, there's no better way to ease those late afternoon household tensions than with the refreshing, tingly taste of coool mint! Try offering Menthol Nicotime™ family cigarettes next time...and watch their faces light up!

Don't you feel nervous *just about now?*



photo: Lydia Schymansky

don't think I'm morbid or pessimistic—that have been applied to me.

people who are happy, and living in a material world and not having to deal with the materialism as much as other people who are enslaved by it. I don't perceive not having money as negative at all. I perceive it as a very normal, positive way of life and everyone I know lives that way. I know very few people who have more than a minimum amount of money to get by, including myself.

But you prefer to convey your point using melancholy symbols and scenes, is it an over-misconception that this is a reflection of a sad woman?

If you ask one of these guys in my tour how bad I am, I don't think you would get much of a response. I mean we have to deal with reality here, and the things that move people the most. I know in this day and age it seems like people are mostly responding to stimuli like sex. Sexism is real popular right now. Sex and materialism are the two big things right now in art, and in television, and in movies, all kinds of stuff, you know? And commercialism like movies with Coca Cola themes because it's Columbia Pictures or whatever.

I find inspiration and - maybe this is negative - in situations that make me feel something. And if a guy walks by with no shirt on, my tongue does not hang out. I just think, "Oh, that poor man. He's been so beautiful by his movies that he has to be

that. What a poor man." Or when I see a woman running around with hardly any clothes on. And guys go, "Wow wow." I just go, "Poor her and poor them. That's not what life is about." But it is about that too...

But these are situations that you like to deal with. I like to deal with that because I like to point out to people that they've gone a little away from their nature. That they don't have any respect anymore for each other, and they just see each other as bodies that they can do with whatever they want. And I think that they should think of each other as whole people with minds. And think about the mental aspects of humanity and not just the physical ones. Not just the immediate gratification, but the long-term picture. I guess the religious things I bring into my music are because I really believe in that stuff. I don't believe in the bible literally, and I believe it has been rewritten by a lot of people in power...

So you do believe in a god who's all thumbs?
I do believe in a god who's all thumbs. I believe that the world is not perfect at all. And I think that to pretend to have quick sex with someone who's beautiful makes you perfect is not a very, uh, natural path... So, do you see what I'm saying?

Yeah. Absolutely. Moving away from that... the country hook influences that have always evident with X were never fully realized until X's alter-ego, The Knitters, released "Poor Little Critter on the Road." These influences are very strong on the new record. At the same time, your old rougher edges only show occasionally. Was it a conscious effort to steer away from rock & roll toward various country, blues, and jazz styles?

Sure it was. Yeah. I don't see any reason to do something separate from X and then to do what I did in X. Plus, I think when you get a little bit older you want to do stuff... or no, maybe it's just older. Maybe it's just that, you know, I wanted to be able to sing words without having to yell at the top of my lungs. And have people understand the words and have the words be more of a focal point. And that kind of music suits that more. Plus Tony and I both like that kind of music. The musicians I play with on the record can play any kind of music in the world. It was so neat to be able to say "Can you do a country song?" "Sure." You know, and they could do it.

The jazz stuff on the record is great. Oh God. Yeah. They're so good. Good band.

Your voice is sounding great these days as well. Oh thanks!

Very smooth and well trained. You've thanked your singing teacher, Gloria Bennett, several times on past albums... Yeah, since 1980. Sometimes people say to

me, "Aren't you ashamed to say you take voice lessons?" But no more than a dancer, or a guitar player, or a drummer. Most people do take some kind of training. Like a visual artist will sit there with a nude model and will draw her, and then the same day will draw pictures of her own hand. That's all voice lessons are. It's just figuring out what your instrument is and how to use it.

"Famous Barmaid" and "Gravel" are the only spoken word tracks on the album. You've done a lot of non-musical writing in the past. Will you do more things like the "Twin Sisters" LP, with Wanda Coleman, or your poetry published with Lydia Lunch? Well, I think that now that I'm on my own like this I don't have to worry about separating the poetry from the records. I mean if I wanted to do one whole side on my next Rhino record, I could. I have a book that I tell now that I made myself, that I pasted up and drew all the pictures for. It's nicely made.

Are you doing anything in the way of visual arts? Painting... Oh yeah. Oh yeah. I love to do that.

He's heard you are a bit of a tattoo artist. I may be wrong... No.

But you have done some in the past? (holds out her tattooed hands) Just myself.

You didn't do Spider in New York? I did Spider. But Spider is a tattoo artist that asks people that he does tattoos for, if he likes them or whatever, to tattoo on him. He's got thousands of tattoos. I don't even remember what I did. It was a long time ago and I was pretty drunk at that point, so I don't remember. But something really small. I think I signed my name on it or something like that.

But you consider it a viable art form? Oh yes, definitely.

What's your philosophy on tattoos? If you have one at all. My tattoos are wonderful things that mark a moment in your life that you'll always be able to remember. And that's the way I look at mine as much as I look at them as a visual presentation of whatever it is.

They have a definite significance to you then? I think they do in the same way that they have significance to tribal cultures. The same exact thing, in my opinion.

Do you use any tribal (tattoos on yourself)? No, I mean, some of them are really close to that kind of tribal, but not like the Polynesian tattoos or anything, no.

What does the tattoo on your right shoulder actually represent? The star and the circle and the...

I always thought it was comic book swearing. (smiles and laughs) Yeah. It's a cuss. That's exactly what it is. Comic book swearing.

My girlfriend thinks your question mark is about the coolest tattoo she's ever seen. (laughs again) Oh really? Yeah, it was a biker place in Providence, Rhode Island and the bottom of the thing touches the question mark almost it's like, sooo badly done. I'm surprised she likes it. But again, I remember the time and place, the people I was with, what it was like, you know, what the night was like - rainy.

A few years ago you played a housewife turned televangelist in the film "Salvation!" How did you get involved in that project?

Well, the woman who made it, Beth B., I've known her for a long time. And Jerome, the man in the movie, that's my husband, Viggio. It was kind of an inept editing job.

Are there any more acting plans for the future? Both John and I really would love to do acting, but it's really impossible to get work.

You had a friendly relationship with Elektra Records over the years... Yeah, pretty good.

"Old Wives' Tails" was released on the much smaller Rhino label. How did this come to pass? Well, how it came to pass was when John wanted to do a solo record, he didn't have to make a demo tape and there was a bidding war over him with all the majors. When I wanted to do a record, no one would even listen to my demo or come see me play.

Are you happier on Rhino than you were on Elektra? No, not necessarily. But I tell you, for doing what I'm doing, I think I'm a better on an independent label. Rhino's not that small 'cause they do re-issues, you know. And they do a lot of business and there's a lot of people. There's like sixty-five people working there. So they're not that small, but they're definitely independent and they have good distribution. That's really the best place for me to be. Maybe I'm just really don't know what to do with someone who they have to have such a personal approach to. And they really have hard days on the record on the radio because they like it and they believe in it, and they don't have fifteen other people to work that market with. I mean, we have those other guys and myself, and Tim Stalder and that pretty much it. If you're not into it, you're not a business partner. It's a smart business decision but I made it. Look, because I don't have that much label three days to record. But they didn't respond. That was... I don't know why I didn't believe that they would take the time to take the time to see. They asked my existence. I had to say, "What the tape and we're going to listen to it Tuesday." But nothing. So I just don't have time for that kind of crap. I don't really. But I'm really very happy with Rhino. I do. At first I wasn't sure it was the right thing. Then after a couple of hours talking to them, I realized it was. They recycle their paper and things like that. I appreciate things like that.

Was it really recorded in Idaho or was it in Los Angeles? It was in Los Angeles. But I would like to record somewhere else. But that's where the music is live. And I like to see them one of these days. I don't go to Idaho in January. I would like to help to make a demo tape.

What new music are you listening to these days? Well, I listened to Kate Bush's new record, half off. Because I've never heard her before. And I liked it. I wasn't blown away by the words. But I did like the way it sounded and her voice and stuff. I listened to Maria McKee's record, Syd Straw's record, k.d. lang's record. A lot of women. And as far as bands go, the Oyster Band who's on tour with us, I like them a lot. They're nice guys. And, God I can't think of everything else... Billy Bragg I really like. I like the Chili Peppers a lot. And I like the Replacements a lot. But if you're talking about brand new music that's just like, brand new, I'm not very up on that.

Are you interested in that? Yeah, sure! I'm interested. I listened to Mary's

Danish and I've only heard a couple of songs, and I like them.

So you don't think that new music in North America is dead? No, I don't think so, but I think there's a lot of bands trying to imitate each other now. A lot of new bands start to sound a lot like the Replacements. That's like, really funny to me, you know?

In that vein, acts like T-Rex, Alice Cooper, and Kiss seem to have become major influences on a new breed of bands who are equally interested in bands like X, Gang Club, and other "punk pioneers." What do you think of an underground scene, that regards you personally as one of its patron saints, also embracing the glam rock of the 1970s? (long pause) And embracing the glam rock?

Yeah. I think that when you're young and you're an artist and you're trying to come up with something that's original I think you're going to be combining your own original vision with things that have gone on before. And I think that's great.

So you don't have any problem with... I don't have any problem with anything anybody's doing. I'm glad we've done something that has helped at the time when we were happening.

Right. But that's an obvious contrast to stuff like Alice Cooper. Right.

And now the two have fused. Well, you see that's been happening all the time. I mean, you know that's the wonderful thing about having stuff before you to work from. It gives you something to go back into, you know, I mean, every one in a while someone's going to come along with a brilliant idea. And then everyone's going to go, "What a brilliant idea. I can start with that and go somewhere else." I can very few people have (or really have) their own ideas. I always try to keep myself with my own ideas 'cause I think that's a lot more interesting. But, you know, I'm sure that things creep into my stuff too. Certainly not Alice Cooper, but who knows! (laughs).

Well, T.S. Eliot said the best poets are thieves. (very serious) Oh, I don't agree with that at all. I don't believe that at all. I don't believe imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. And I think that the lowest thing you can do as an artist is to imitate someone else. Because you're doing a disservice to that person and a disservice to future people who will see your work and be deceived by it. And I think that is a low, low blow. Never do that.

But deriving some influence from your predecessors... If it's conscious influence, if I found myself consciously imitating a vocal or consciously writing something that sounds like someone else I immediately...

Toss it in the fire? Tear it apart and throw it away. Tear it up. "...we are the ones who limit our information and demand less of our artists. It's our fault that every commercial rock station sounds the same. That the accepted fashions are accepted everywhere at once. That the imagination is becoming an extinct animal..." E.C. "Thought For God" 1989

Excuse says, I break no law and my only cause is alleviation misery. She is an outlaw of the finest kind.

Things What Died And Lived In The '80's

Frozen yogurt...fresh pasta...oat bran as Messiah... fuck all that shit. If ya want the real lowdown on the major food events of the decade just past, read on.

On the chocolate bar front, a rapid wasteland of lookalike, soundalike, taste-alike bars glutted the shelves. Wunderbar, SKOR, Mr. Big, Special Crisp, Gold, Temptation; all obviously the spawn of some American marketing conglomerate packaging the '80's standout theme, mediocrity. And hey, like, whatever happened to Wig-Wags - remember? - those long chocolate-covered caramel braids that left you gloriously stuck-up? And Laura Secord bars, the real ones, that came in Buttermallow and all those other '70's flavours? Now all you can get are those "Laura Secord French Mint" bastardizations. And - TREASURES - possibly the funkiest, most '70's chocolate bar of all? With all those groovily-shaped little break-apart pieces each with an exotic concoction inside... Turkish delight, or a nut, or fudgey chocolate mush? Like, how do these scam-sucking corporate traitors manage to just pull these things from the market without a public hue and cry. Subtly, I guess. Banking on the catatonia of the general populace. One day you walk into the corner store and suddenly realize, "Hey, I haven't seen Blah-Blah in ages - What's the deal?!" The deal is, they're gone, the way of the doo, ex-fucking-tinct. (I've gotta stop swearing so much, my mom's started reading this column...) So you leave the store clutching a Twix, the least barfworthy of the new chocolate bar crew. Come 2000 they'll probably have vanished too. Ya gotta watch these things.

Speaking of corner stores, they too were afflicted by that

scourge of the '80's - uniformity; countless chain outlets scrubbed clean to the point of sterility (I dunno about you, but to me, if it doesn't grow mold specimens, it's not a corner store) and updated into mini-Safeways, cropping up everywhere. Mac's Milk dropping the "Milk" to become just plain "Mac's". A every turn, interchangeable cement-brick food abodes with same-length aisles, level floors, swanky wall-unrefrigeration cases, and strictly outdoor interiors. Yikes! And 24-hour joints, ubiquitous as well. To the point where there's this place on Fraser St called Round the Clock Food Store that's only open normal daytime hours. Everyone's trying to cash in on the trend.

2-for-1 pizza. Ah yes; another brainchild of the decade of consumerism run rampant. A perfect mirror of the greed mindset inherent in the '80's. Things will never be the same again because now when you go to order pizza from a normal place, the prices - considering "it's not 2-for-1" - seem astronomical. I guess it's only matter of time before some joker comes along with "2 1/2-for-1" in a bid to outdo the competition. The funniest thing about it is, "2-for-1 ain't even the truth, inasmuch as you get a discount if you only order a single pizza. Bogus.

But all was not quite so bleak in the '80's junk food world. The big DQ came onto the scene with that happenin' invention, the Blizzard. In three sizes, starting at \$1.89, and a boggling array of flavours, each healthier than the previous one. And in the Blizzard arena, the afore-maligned SKOR really ROKS. General informed opinion has it that SKOR Blizzards are the best. This is the drawback of living where I do now; the Hastings Dairy Queen doesn't put a sprinkling of the relevant chocolate bar on top of the Bliz-



zard like my old one back home in Surrey did. However, it definitely has a lot more atmosphere. More on that another time.

Other dismal happenings of the '80's.

The decline of A&W. I remember watching in horror as that dreadful pastel MuchMusic nightmare, the first of the malevolent new A&W breed, opened in the bowels of Pacific Centre shortly after the inception of SkyTrain. (There must be a tie-in there; Grace McCarthy's probably the biggest shareholder of A&W now...) For those among the readership too young or mall-oriented to remember, A&W used to be a fine, proudly brown-and-orange chain of drive-ins purveying milkshakes, onion rings, and "Platters" (burgers with fries) that came in funky wicker baskets. Now they serve salads. SALADS! I ask you. Has this crazy health trip gone too far or what? The latest victim of the anti-drive-in clampdown has

been the old A&W at 33rd & Fraser which, let it be recalled, I recommended several food columns ago. "Should be a designated heritage site". Now it stands, dusty, dark and deserted, its long sheltered walkway jutting out redundantly between the two empty rows of parking spaces. And worst of all, when you're at the cemetery and you have to take a piss, there's no place to go anymore. RIP, A&W drive-ins.

An' another thing, another chain subjected to this massive refurbishment scam, White Spot. A BC institution, goddammit, every last outlet now resembling an upscale McDonald's. In the old days every White Spot had its own personality, so that while you could count on the burger tasting basically the same no matter where you ordered it, some were tiny unassuming greasy-spoon places (25th & Cambie) whereas others went the whole hog and were quite ritzy (102nd

& King George in Surrey). With the beginning of the '80's however, change began to creep insidiously throughout the White Spots. Goodbye to the orange vinyl stools; hello mass quantities of pseudo-secondhand/ antique store trappings played everywhere indiscriminately. A bourgeois interior decorator's dream. But what I really miss are those groovy placemats that showed an artist's rendering of Vancouver in the 1920's; fir trees and flappers and Model-T's against a backdrop of inlet and mountains. Gone, gone, forever gone. The death knell of old White Spots was definitively sounded with the destruction by fire of the flagship location at Granville and 70th. From Nat Bailey to Peter Toigo; this is the way the world ends...

Okay, what else had happened in the '80's foodwise? Oh yeah, Molly's! Molly's died just as it was beginning to scale the zenith of popularity - which is probably just as well, I guess. For the uninitiated, Molly's Spice Shop up on Commercial 2 blocks north of 1st laid claim to having the "best cinnamon buns in Vancouver". I tended to second this motion. Not only cinnamon buns par excellence, but also great poppyseed-and-raisin buns and yummiferous muffins. Plus you could buy the little 10-packs of Twinkles teas for only \$3.99, 20 cents cheaper than at Safeway. A totally cool hangout - well, quite hot on summer days, but - everyone from the neighb'rs congregated there of a Saturday morning, had amicable chats (nothing heavy or political, just personal stuff), drank coffee and ate cinnamon buns dripping with cream-cheese icing, all to a backdrop of Israeli folk music. Then the owners had to up and move to Europe, and ker-ang! the door slammed shut on another eatworthy institution.

So, let's recap. The major trend of the '80's in food, as in all

else, was consumerism to the nth degree. Corner stores became miniature supermarkets; supermarkets became colossal warehouse-like acreages; simple unpretentious restaurant chains were transformed into overdone designer showcases for the 'luded-out Yupster masses. And all in the name of you, The Consumer. Nothing was sacred save the almighty mammon.

The outlook for the '90's is not heartening. Doubtless the eatery scene will become even more homogeneous; by 2000 there'll probably be no way of telling a White Spot from a McDonald's - or for that matter, A&W or Red Robin - short of walking back outside and looking at the sign. Class divisions and standards of living between various urban locales - East Side, West Side - will become even more sharply delineated due to transport-lacking, low-income or Welfare individuals being unable to take advantage of decent food prices in the suburban megacomplexes while the upper-class nonchalantly hand over greenbacks at the pink Safeway. And in the suburbs, where they seem to be the hardest-hit, the Mom-and-Pop clapboard-siding corner stores will be utterly extinguished from view, a few representatives clinging tenaciously to life only in the cities and rural areas. Neighbourhood soup-and-sand or cinnamon-bun outlets will still be extant but with a higher and higher percentage of them swallowed up by franchises.

But hey. As long as there are still straw-wrappers being shot at each other over Pirate Paks by conniving siblings - as long as Psycho-Woman still mutters her way up and down the aisles of Pacific Cafe - as long as you can still walk up to Howard's at Salsbury & Frances and buy a foil-wrapped King Don ("Con Dom", as I affectionately call 'em) - there's hope.

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Some people might think, "What the hell is going on around here?" And you know what? It's true. In the world of fashion, trends come and go every day. But lately the new trend is old trends turned trendy again, especially all those 60s doodads and patterns.

But what about the people who are actually making the trends? Where did it come from? Will it ever go away for good? Kaleidoscope owner Sadik answered these and other pressing tie dye questions.

How long have you been doing this?

I've been doing tie dye for about a year. The shop's been here about 3 years. It was started by 2 young guys, artists.

Do you know anything about the history of the dye?

Grateful Dead.

That's where it all started? Well the very origins I couldn't tell you.

But it started in the sixties.

If not before, I haven't done any research, have you?

I thought you'd be the expert! So what I do now. This is contemporary tie dye. Some of the things developed in the 60s in one sense are limited because we've developed new styles since then. Dye technology of course

cantell you because I'm not really a chemist but in the tie dye business you've got to remember the dyes are chemicals and dying is chemistry.

How did you decide to get into the tie dye business?

Ge, at the time it just seemed like there was a lot of people. In the past I've seen people, a soldier, a sailor, a number of things and this just came along. It's relatively easy...

How many shirts have you done?

Oh, gee, probably over 1000. And every one is different.

There are some repeatable designs, there are certain families of designs. Every one's different even when I want them to be the same. There's a basic design, a swirl I call it, which is very popular and if I were to actually sit down and plan it out there's 17 or so variations, not including all the ways you can put the colours on.

What about these families, do they have names?

Yes, there are swirls, there are diamonds, arrowheads, wings, swirls with spokes, swirls with spiders, bursts, clouds; kind of like that.

How long does it take to make a shirt?

About 3 days.

How many colours could you have?



how but in a full-blown production operation there'll be 100 or 15 or even more colours and probably another dozen different ones.

How long does it take you to develop a new design?

Sometimes it works the first time, sometimes it's perfected in my head. I sit and I think and I look at other shirts that guide me... later I open it up and see what I got. That's the most enjoyable part of the job: making them is

creative but then on opening day, you take your folded shirt, you take the string, you take the CHOGOOO and you make 30 shirts you get to do that 30 times and that's really fun. Unless you have no taste in colour, there's no such thing as a bad shirt because they're all different and all beautiful. There is one, that I haven't repeated in my satisfaction of a star pattern but I know that one of my counterparts does beautiful stars so that's his trip,

he's figured it out.

Who's wearing tie dye these days?

There's a whole new generation of hippies out there. Why are people being drawn to the dye again?

Simply because it's been 20 or 25 years... Most of the people whose money we want are too young to remember that it was around 25 years ago and they're going to think they're rediscovering something new.

Do you think it's gonna last forever?

I don't believe it's a fad like the fluorescent colours that were around last year. That sort of thing is obviously very temporary because it's got no soul but this is different and even if people can't explain it that's the case... It's not a fad like splashes on shirts, it's got a lot more soul.

How come?

Because it's associated with hippiedom... There's a lot of people coming in who appear to be well-off middle class professionals and they all admit saying they wear hippies in their soul. The fact that it's a splash of colour is a way of saying I'm different in the drab world of concrete which is gray, which is the colour of unemployment. You develop a flag to recognize each other across the street... It meant something; it hadn't become fashion. You had to be a particular kind of freak to

wear tie dye. The same is true now, except I do have people coming in saying, "I was 10 years old when I saw it the first time it came around but I don't want to miss it this time." You pick up on it immediately without exception... this has something to do with the soul in tie dye. And while adults are saying, "Oh, it's really cool!" they couldn't get away with being so loud!" Kids feel in their right mind "Hey, this is new!" All the hippies ever tried to say is, "Don't Be Straight". That's why you won't ever find a straight line in a tie dye.

Do you consider yourself a hippie?

No. To go along with having the more I should be living in the back and have a big dog and drive either no car or a Volkswagen van...

How old were you when you got your first tie dyed shirt?

16, 17.

Do you remember where you got it? Why you were drawn to it?

Well I'd rather not get into that. Why, too private?

Well, we gotta keep some things—

Sacred?

After all, I mean how little do I know about you?... I sure hope I'm not gonna hate the press after this.

Ha, ha, ha.

SOCIALIST TURTLE



The Ramones gig at 86 Street in June was the most shameful example of 86 Street's apparent policy of violence against concert-goers, but since the Ramones come here so rarely (the previous time, I think, was 1984), we were all just stuck with going there. (If only it were practical to have them play every night for an entire year at the Railway instead, as someone suggested...) Also at 86 Street, Voice of the Beehive was surprisingly powerful opening for That Petrol Emotion in March, and the Hoodoo Gurus played two nights this fall (not as bril-

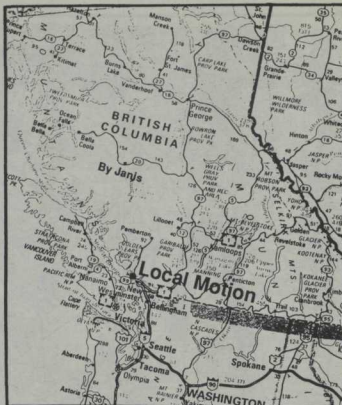


Howard R. ...

liantly as when they were here some years ago, but no-one I knew got into fights with the nasty junior yuppie audience members this time).

As for the Commodore Ballroom, which hasn't encouraged overzealous security methods in quite some time, it hosted *Jane's Addiction* (who got mixed reviews, but I actually enjoyed) and the *Pixies* with *Bob Mould*, which must have been the best show I saw all year. It was a pleasant surprise to see that there were enough people in Vancouver who had even heard of the *Pixies* to sell the place out, but it was more of a shock to hear the audience actually singing along with the band. How refreshing, and also a nice reminder that the Commodore has the best floor in Vancouver for jumping up and down on.

On a smaller scale, **Penelope Houston** (formerly of the legendary **Avengers**) played at the Town Pump for an audience that must have been at least half made up of local punk rock pioneers. Unfortunately, though, anyone hoping to see signs of the teen-aged Penelope was certainly disappointed. **NRBQ**, (who, as far as sustaining an incredible amount of energy- and credibility- over an incredible number of years, put the Stones to shame)



did much better at the Pump late in the summer.

But in spite of the really good shows I did see this year, I'm convinced the best tour of '89 was one that didn't come any closer to us than San Francisco. That's right, the immortal Buzzcocks.

As far as local bands go, our two best (shall we say) fuck combos, the **Groovaholics** and

Tartan Haggis, made enough appearances to keep most alternative-type party-goers happy. New-ish and perhaps more serious bands on the scene included two made up of Enigma members, **Earthling** and **TT Racer** (who have been getting a lot of press lately). The **Wardells** moved here from Victoria, and joined **Picasso Set** as one of Vancouver's very few real pop

bands. She gathered up a big following with their harder sound (shocking a lot of people, especially, I would imagine, when they played at Matsqui Prison, because they're all women) before losing their singer in the summer, and they're still looking for a replacement. Also getting more popular in the clubs were Bruce A and the Secular Atavists, Glee, Dirt, and the Hard Rock Royals, to name a few, while FYF (Five Year Club, formerly Five Year Plan) made a comeback. Another comeback of sorts was the return of four of the five members of Slow (guitarist Ziggy never really left—these days he's getting famous with the Scramblers). Tom and Christian with G, and Hamm and Terry with Tankhogg. One of this year's great disappointments was that the two bands kept a pretty low profile. Two of the other great disappointments were that we're still waiting to see records from the Scramblers and G. Maybe the 90s will bring them both good news... We did get to hear new releases from Curious George and semi-local acts the Young Fresh Fellows and 64 Funny Cars, though.

Looking back at 1989, and this whole decade, in Vancouver music, it's pretty easy to be negative. Ten years ago, if Dis-



Art Bergman

corder had been around, we'd probably have been writing our year-end columns about how punk rock (or new wave?) was going to change the world. For the better, of course. But, at least partly because the so-called local scene is so fragmented, it's hard to find a bandwagon to jump on in December 1989.

So what can we look forward to in the next decade here in Vancouver? The way things are going now, probably not a lot right away. Musicians and fans are complaining about there not being enough venues for new bands, and at the same time that there are too many bands for anyone to be able to keep them all straight (we may well end up remembering '89 as the year of the 3-band showcase). Still, enough bands like the Grapes of Wrath, 54-40, Art Bergmann, and the Sons of Freedom, are getting well known to keep musicians sending out those demo tapes, so at least there's no end in sight for Local Motion.



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Koko Taylor
Commodore
Sunday, November 19th

If there was any doubt as to who is the Queen of the Blues, The Chicago Blues Machine did all that they could to eliminate it. Koko Taylor's five man band introduced her as the Queen and referred to her as such throughout the gig. Appearing on stage in a sparkling white dress, and thereby sending the crowd into a frenzy, Koko started the show with the ever popular "Let The Good Times Roll", which set the appropriate mood for the evening.

Most of the people on the dance floor at the time remained there for the rest of the night. Her best number was undoubtedly "I'm A Woman", the lyrics of which glorify female blues singers and necessitate a "deep blues voice" which only Koko Taylor could deliver (seriously), deep down in the basement blues: is how Koko described it. Other guests from the gig included "Come Home To Mama", "I'd Rather Go Blind", and "Hey Bartender".

The Chicago Blues Machine provided a strong, energetic backup, and possess a very talented guitarist; but Koko Taylor's vocal strength and stage presence still dominated the show.

The opening act, a seven piece R&B group from Victoria called The Toasters, played almost as long as Koko and her Blues Machine. When you're waiting for the Queen of the Blues to perform, that's too long.

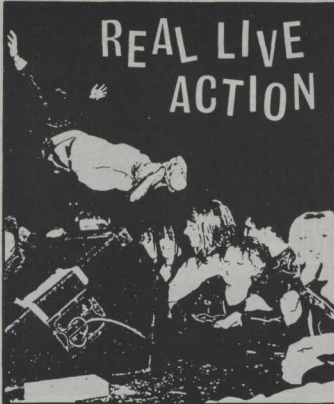
Claude de Leseleuc

Innocent Fun
Cry Danger
Doughboys
Club Soda

Monday, November 20th

Never again will I quake in my boots at mention of "Club Soda's METAL MONDAYS". More like "Newton Inn Revisited Night", m'afraid. The only saving grace of this triple bill was its disparity, and that didn't become apparent till the end.

I arrived much too close to the beginning of the first band's set and endured it standing in a corner amongst major git tonages, much of it provided by a bouncer who stood right in front of me. No loss; 'cept it would've been even better if he'd also been obliterating sound waves. Unfortunately, these found their boring and unimaginative way through a sea of feathered hair, around his beefy front, and into my ears. Innocent Fun certainly do justice to the first half of their name, inasmuch as their material was hackneyed, uninspired



AOR. Worse still, their lead singer was somehow reminiscent of a hackneyed, uninspired AOR version of Paul McKenzie... a truly scary incarnation if ever there was. But "Fun"? Well, on that score I quote this great fat git man who was standing next to me. When he made a disparaging comment about the band and none of his drinking buddies rushed to concur, he added in-

credulously, "Come on, why's everyone looking at me like they know something I don't?" I didn't know it either, whatever it was. After a lengthy interval the next band came on, "Cry Danger, and let slip the leather pants..." as a famous playwright has it. Yep, these dudes had the posing down pat alright. Regulation long hair, black leather, cowboy boots, and blistering

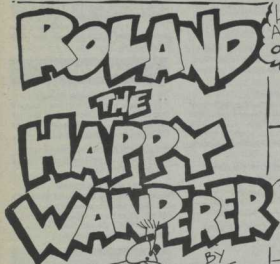
shoulder-to-shoulder guitar duets. From a three guitar, one drummer outfit obviously lusting after a cover spread in Metal Bop! magazine. An interesting leopardskin-clad chick looking like a refugee from the early '70s made use of the otherwise empty dancefloor for a while; then, losing interest, strolled away toward the bar at which point Mr. Lead Singer rather pathetically called after her "No, don't quit dancing!" Jeez, good groupies are hard to find. Anyway, these guys played the kinda stuff it's impossible not to tap a foot to just for heck. Or maybe it only seemed that way in light of the even more stunning mediocrity that had gone before. Whatever.

Finally, Montreal's Doughboys arrived to throw a wrench into the proceedings. (Is that the right malapropism?) And to throw the monkey "Satan" liberally here and there throughout their songage. What songage though. While their use of the devil worship gimmickry was forked-tongue-in-check, their approach to the music was all-out, no-holds-barred MOLTEN METAL MADNESS. The kinda thang you expect from an event billed as Metal Monday, dang it. Plus, everyone knows that dreaded hair is much cooler than feathered. Whoops, scratch that

last bit: of course I was judging the bands solely on their musical merit. Of course. Anyway, heads were banging and hair severely trashing all over the capacity dancefloor. These guys didn't have to implore leopardskinned women to stay and dance, no sirree Bob. The text of their four-man crusade was largely unintelligible to me; it seemed the only word they enunciated on was the aforementioned "Beelzebub", but the music kept me in thrall as did the kooky grin that seemed to appear on Lead Singer Man's face without his bidding, and the looming conspiratorial stage presence of Bass-Player Man. As a finale L.S.M. dragged out one of those sad, balding beer-gutted "metal animals", ostensibly one of their crew, to belt out a version of "Sweet Home Alabama", here rendered as "Sweet Home Hell". Hell, the Doughboys can come mess up my kitchen anytime. Hey, that's a double pun!

Least this rapier wit was inducing barfing in you, you may be gratified to learn that on my way out I was punched in the eye by someone's overzealous arm and subsequently left one contact lens, a lot of sobriety, and several decibels of hearing poorer.

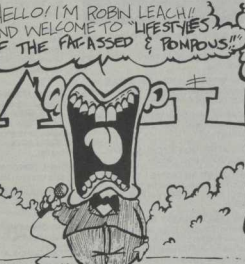
Viola Funk



HELLO! I'M ROBIN LEACH! AND WELCOME TO 'LIFESTYLES OF THE FAT-ASS & PONDUS!' TODAY, IT'S THE 6TH ANNUAL CELEBRITY 'COMMONER HUNT' AND WE'RE HERE WITH TODAY'S HUNTERS, GEORGE HAMILTON AND ZSA ZSA GABOR!!

BY VIOLET CATS

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LOOK! THERE'S ONE NON-NOTE! THE ALMOST COMPLETE LACK OF PERSONAL HYGIENE! NAL 'M, ZSA ZSA!



EAT HOT DEATH! DAHLINK!!



WELL, ME AND GEORGE WILL GO OUT AND BLOW AWAY GOBS OF FAT, CHICKY POOR PEOPLE, AND THEN BARBEQUE ZEM ALLEN VARGEN BEATY'S PAST, THEN FEED THEM TO SPRAY CATS.



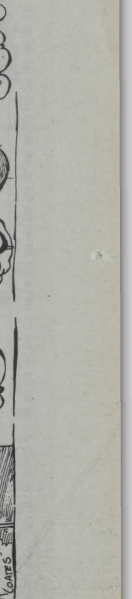
SALE! GUESSES WHO? MEN'S PANTYHOSE!



BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!



HI, MOM!



NO, YOU GUT HIM, ZSA ZSA!

MONDAYS

COMMUNITY ACCESS

CITR provides free airtime for Community Access by group and individuals. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 228-3017.

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Join the crack CITR Sports Unit for play-by-play coverage of a mess o' variety sports both in the community and from soccer to football to ice hockey to basketball. Find out the reason why the "15" is a CITR. Playout games back-to-back, coming regular season games carried by CITR which will pre-empt regular CITR programming.

JANUARY

SATURDAY THE 6TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF SASKATCHEWAN.
SATURDAY THE 13TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF REGINA.
FRIDAY THE 19TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
SATURDAY THE 20TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF VICTORIA.
FRIDAY THE 27TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF MANITOBA.
SATURDAY THE 27TH, 8:00PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF LETHBRIDGE.

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY THE 14TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S ICE HOCKEY VS U OF BRANDON.
SATURDAY THE 17TH, 7:30PM: MEN'S BASKETBALL VS U OF CALGARY.

VOL OPS

CITR wants you to become involved with your friendly UBC Radio Station which broadcasts at 1800 watts to the campus and beyond. Opportunities abound! Wheelie! Programming, producing, editing, web, engineering, operating, announcing, hosting, etc. etc. Come by the studios during normal office hours. We're located in Room #23 on the second floor of the Student Union Building. Call us at 228-3017. And yes, Joe, Kelly, everyone is welcome regardless of age! So come in by and see for yourself!

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THE SURVEY!

All surveys are in and are being counted by our crack CITR Survey Crew. Stay tuned to these pages and listen to CITR for the results and the winners!

MERRY AND ALL THAT

From the folks at CITR 101.9 FM, we wish you the very best of the everything and more for the coming days, months and years.

AND FINALLY...

CITR welcomes all musics with open ears. If you wanna submit any material, just remember to include important details like names, phone numbers, addresses, etc. Send addresses to the attention of the Demo Director please. Thank you.

BOLD MEANS CANADIAN, DONCHA KNOW

DEMOLIST

PAULA REMPEL LESTER
PULL MY DAISY AC-DC
@#&! SHOES
SONS OF FREEDOM BLIND CHILDREN
ELIZABETH FISCHER STATES OF GRACE
THE BOY ALLIES CHRISTMAS COOKIE RECIPE
PUKE THEATRE ANGST IZ SO COOL
SCRAMBLERS OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND
THE DOTS GOIN' CRAZY
BLACK EARTH CREATURES
ROUGHAUGE JAH IN VIETNAM THE AXE
SECTION 46 TERRY SOLD SPINE GRIND
CRASH TEST DUMMIES SUPERMAN'S SONG
HOWE SOUND POP
HARD ROCK MINERS MAKING THE BED ROCK
SHE SHOW ME
FLESH ROUGH EDGES
BILL CHAPMAN NOCTURNE
MARTIN FIELDS AND THE ACADEMY VALERIE
JOK NEK BONE NEIGHBOURHOOD GIRLS
JR. GONE WILD GOD IS NOT MY FATHER
MARY CAROL OF THE BELLS
CITRUS PARK GOLDEN
HIROSHI YANO FRAGMENT
HARD ROCK MINERS NOT THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

DEMO DIRECTOR DALE'S END OF THE YEAR DEMO PICKS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

BRUCE A AND THE SECULAR ATAVISTS CHEAP RELEASE
BENT "HALLOWEEN" AAAH!
MEYRIN CADELL TALKING LIKE CRAZY
EARTHLING "PURE HELL" UNNATURAL LAWS
FALLEN PETALS CATHEDRALS
CANAL FARMERS 4 SONG DEMO
GROOVALLIGENCE 4 SONG DEMO
GROUP 49 AN ELECTRICAL STORM
HARD ROCK MINERS MAKING THE BEDROCK
CHRIS HOUSTON WARFORD DUES
INTOXICATORS SAY NO! TO DRUGS
JR. GONE WILD FOLK YOU - THE GUIDO SESSIONS
NIGHT TWISTERS NIGHT TWISTERS
ORDINARY BOYS LIVING IN AN ORDINARY WORLD
BLAIR PETRIE AND STEFAN FISCHER, GORGONS AND GARGOYLES
ROUGHAUGE MYSTERY DICK
ROUTE 666 "KING SHIT" "CRIME" "BAD GIRL"
SHOVLIED PROUD AS A MOOSE
SOUL BROTHERS 4 HOUR TOUR "GREAT SHROODS, DUDE"
STICK FIGURES 4 SONG DEMO
STORYBOOK KROOKS 4 SONG DEMO
THE BORGVARDS 3 SONG DEMO
THE CAUSE 6 SONG DEMO
THE PICASSO SET YUMMY
VARIOUS ARTISTS FOUTRE EN L'AIR
VARIOUS ARTISTS YOUR SILENCE WILL NOT PROTECT YOU
VOX POPULI REBIRTH OF A MOON
WAGES OF SIN 4 SONG DEMO
WITNESS 4 SONG DEMO
YETI 6 SONG DEMO

SPINLIST

MINISTRY THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE
NOMEANSNO WRONG
SKINNY PUPPY TIM OMEN 12"
LAURIE ANDERSON STRANGE ANGELS
NINE INCH NAILS PRETTY HATE MACHINE
SKINNY PUPPY RABIES
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN AUTOMATIC
JESUS JONES LIQUIDIZER
CHET BAKER LET'S GET LOST
SUGARCUBES HERE TODAY, TOMORROW, NEXT
THE WONDERSTUFF HUP
CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN KEY LIME PIE
KATE BUSH THE SEXUAL WORLD
VARIOUS ARTISTS WE THREE BINGS
GRACE JONES BULLET PROOF HEART
JAZZ BUTCHER BIG PLANET SCARY PLANET
64 FUNKYS HARRY & LUKA
CURIOUS GEORGE CHILDREN OF A COMMON MOTHER
THE HEART THROBS BLOOD FROM STONE
ADULT NET THE HONEY TANGLE

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Flea

BEASTIE BOYS

Paul's Boutique

BLACK HAVANA

Dance Compilation

GRACE JONES

Bulletproof Heart

features "Love On Top Of Love"
"There's a fantastic mix on here for every
modern dance music format. Grace, you
really blow my mind, and for that you get
solid gold
Streetsound Magazine

ED KUEPPER

Everybody's Got To

HUGH HARRIS

Words For Our Years

THE SMITHEREENS

11

features "A Girl Like You"
"Rarely can a band combine pure pop
sensitivity with bad-to-the-bone blazing
guitar.
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Comics, comix, comiks ?

Comics, definition: the usual
fannish formula with only a few
notable exceptions, such as Stray
Toasters, Watchmen, Luther
Arkwright, etc.

Comix, definition: the jazzmeis-
ters dubbed them comix - Zippy,
Trashman, Herald Head, Dr.
Atomic, Whiteman, Checkered
Demon, etc.

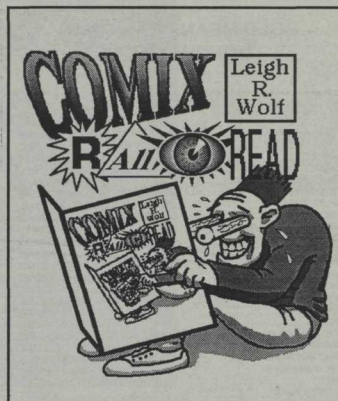
Comiks, definition: the edge of
what is street art today - Carel
Moiseiwitsch, Mark Beyer's
Agony, Chester Brown's
Yummy Fur, Savage Pencil,
etc.

The Preservation of Obscurity
Numbers 1 & 2
Published by Lump Of Squid
\$2.95
Available by Mail

The first two issues of The Pres-
ervation of Obscurity have found
their way into my hands. Pub-
lished by Lump of Squid, a group
of fellas living in a warehouse in
Tranna, The Preservation of
Obscurity is dedicated to extend-
ing information in a way that
challenges the reader to think for
themselves. In all, a
unique mix of meta-
mystical mumbo-
jumbo colliding
with classical
themes in a valiant
attempt at grasping
the higher realms.

Writer Shawn
Thomas' dialogue is
a blend of poetry,
somenot so bad, and
punchlines, some
not so good, that
serve to propel a sto-
ryline that defies de-
scription; though
describe I will. Two
gods (Spoot and
Oswald), born of the
Great Uvula, come
to earth in a search
for "icons". After
taking on mortal
bodies, they wind up
cavorting with some
of the more disgust-
ing party animals
this side of Tangiers
(Burroughs meets
Castenada in a back
alley).

The artwork, by Frank
Perna, is hyper-cartoon, ren-
dered in a variety of styles in-
cluding watercolour, pen and ink,
collage, pencil, and digitized
"found" images, that work so
well together on the page that he
has created a true multi-media
book. A clear understanding of
black and white and its relation-
ship with the page is obvious, as



is an intelligent sense of design.
The creative progression be-
tween the first and second issues
is startling and bodes well for
future issues. The first comik has
a slow watercolour pace that suits
the origin and the introduction of
the main characters. Although the
first issue characterizations

pression whereby the power of
detail brings the story to life.
Through the judicious use of
backgrounds, created by Perna
and Scott James, the creators
manage to simultaneously com-
municate many levels of reality.
The true feast for the senses is
the lettering. Done in a variety of



are consistent with the style of
the comik, they tend to be short
and pointed whereas the second
issue characterizations have a
richer blend of plot and progres-
sion. Writing with the visual in
mind is a tricky task at best and
Thomas must learn how to com-
pose his thoughts and ideas in
pictorial form.

In the second issue the
Squids have learned to use com-

mons and styles with little regard
for tradition, the words seem to
move across the page.

TPOO is the other side of
Stig's Inferno, where the forces
of darkness and light are blurred
into a pastiche of greys. The
message is not totally clear nor
will it ever be, praise bob, for this
is the Preservation of Obscurity.
The creators of this comik are
not willing to "do it all for you"

though they revel in painting the
clues that allow you to do it for
yourself. Here is a true attempt at
comiks as art and literature as
opposed to the mind numbing
pap disguised as art and designed
for the boppermetal market.
Although obviously not desig-
nated for lot or teen, the comik
remains much too dark for
"Adults Only". My guess is that
the creators are people in their
late twenties and that the book
would appeal to the same.

The imagery is extreme and the
symbols used will dredge up a
lot of feelings for anyone who
takes time for study. Goddess
knowledge, music as mythology,
virtual ecstasy, apocalyptic
editorial, and street psychology,
all blend together in a twisted
psychodelia that warps the reader
in less time than it takes to say
"eat squid".

My main complaint is the
inconsistency between the archetyp-
ical concept of God born of
Goddess and the portrayal of
women only as sexual objects.
The main characters in the book
are all male and the only women
to be found inside are portrayed
as whores. Man the creator is a
lovely idea but woman is the
original creator and must be re-

spected as such. The
charge I make here is
correctable in fu-
ture issues and I
believe that creators
of this rank will want
to expand their vi-
sion to include real
roles for women.

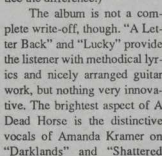
My second
complaint is the po-
tential for psycho-
babble that the cre-
ators have set them-
selves up for. Step-
ping into the mysti-
cal is always tricky
and fraught with
dangers unknown by
mortal minds. The
movement taken in
this direction must
be clearer in concep-
tion and origin. If
you want to illumi-
nate, you must first
know where the light
switch is located.

All in all, a bold
start for a book that
has said quite a lot
and has lots more to say. While
reminiscent of Wolfman's Ad-
ventures in Reggae Land in both
the primitivist artwork and its
sense of creative freedom, The
Preservation of Obscurity owes
to no one its unique voice and vi-
sion.

You can purchase a copy
by mail, send \$2.95 to: Lump Of
Squid #100-365 Sorareun Ave,
Toronto, Ont. Canada M6R 2G5

To sum up, go bonkers and buy the thing (or the other way

Fier's once imaginative presence is obliterated by mannerism and his use of techniques perfected on the three previous Palominos albums. Whereas the bits-and-pieces, compositional mode employed on *Blast of Silence* sounded fresh, on *A Dead Horse* it is taken to an over-extended extreme. "Wild River", for example, is a stylistic jumble of pseudo-country and quasi-funk which sounds choppy and irritating. To make matters worse, the Palominos repeat this formula, rhythm and style on "Angel of Death." (They could combined "Wild River" and "Angel of



Ian McCulloch's "Candleland" is his first solo effort since the break up of Echo and the Bunnymen. It is a personal expression of McCulloch's confusion over his own past and his

Recorded live at the Yale this past summer, the Demons' second cassette release—like the first, self-produced and self-promoted—is entitled *Hair of the Dog*. Band leader and bassist Jack Lavin plans similar home-grown efforts every eight months or so, until by force of attrition someone with clout in the music industry sits up and takes notice. And judging by the consistency

Lachlan Murray

and by the way, you can also have your listings read out on CTR by sending to the same place. Thank you.

The following are interviews with fashion burnouts I call



by The Man Sherbet

acid wash casualties

"The 80's? Good Riddance!" I overheard my crotchety Uncle Shep say at Thanksgiving dinner. I wouldn't go as far as my irascible relative in condemning the last ten years. Certainly, some good came of it all. But there were definite victims of the decade. Some tried harder than others to stay ahead of the game, and paid the price. In the 60's and 70's it was drugs that really did people's heads in. In the 80's the new drug was fashion.

First Interview

Date: September 12, 1989.

Place: Kadraa Man Temple, South Bumaby.

MAN SHERBET: Am I pronouncing your name correctly - Gung Ban Hedra? G: Yes, that's correct.

MS: How so?

G: Well, you look at me now in these bright robes, it's hard to imagine. Before grade twelve I walked around with a star on my ass, wide-legged patch-pocket jeans, whatever. Polyester shirts. Suddenly that year I felt compelled to be "fashionable." I was just another John Travolta imitator at the time, of course. I was thrown into the world with a taste for gold chains and snugg pants. Naturally, I tried hard to keep up after that.

MS: Keep up?

G: I became your typical nightclub goer. Jordache jeans. Members-Only jackets. La Coste shirts. Oh, La Coste shirts, they nearly finished me off. I couldn't buy the imitations, nor worry! Those blasted things got up to forty-five, fifty bucks, and I was still filling my drawers with them. Green ones, pink ones. Then leather ties. Y'know that Billy Joel song - "Still Rock'n'Roll to Me"? Bright orange sneakers, and so on? That describes me perfectly at the time.

MS: Of course, rockabilly revived itself about that time too. G: Uh-huh. I tried sideburns out for a time, but girls didn't like them.

MS: Now, before you discovered the temple and its faith, you led a slightly different life, didn't you? G: That's right. My birth-name was Peter Wilkins. I was a car salesman for many years at NewWest Isuzu. I was just your average guy. Liked my beer, I smoked Players, I chased girls, I always drove a new-model car. But then I hit the wall.

MS: You mean like a marathoner?

G: Well, not exactly, I lean not the way I smoked. I'd had about three months of really poor sales. I'd put on a fair bit of weight over the years, so it became a running battle to keep me in clothes that fit. Not to mention I liked to look good. But my sales record was really dogging me, and I worried about keeping my job. One day these freaky-looking guys in robes came on the lot looking to buy a used van we'd advertised. They must've sensed right there I was an unhappy puppy. They invited me to eat down at the temple, saying it would be the healthiest meal I would eat. I took 'em up on it. I talked with a few people down there, who persuaded me to look more

closely at my life.

MS: And at your closet, I bet.

G: Exactly. For a young guy, I had a helluva lot of clothes. More than I remember my mother ever having. I donated my collection to the temple for their auction. When I decided to give even the clothes off my back is when I turned to Kadraa's ways.

MS: Any chance you'll re-assimilate in western society, Gung? You'd probably look like a mock-turdneck. G: (Laughs) No chance of that, my friend. I'm in Kadraa's sacred garments now, what could look better?

Second Interview

Date: November 9, 1989.

Place: Canadian Armed Forces Base, Chilliwack.

MAN SHERBET: (Attempt at humour) How should we start? How about name, rank, and serial number?

S-LT. MORREY: Okay, well, it's Sub-Lieutenant Judith Morrey, four - we don't need to bother with the rest, do we?

MS: Can you describe a bit of your background? I think this sounds fascinating.

S-LT. M: Thank you, sir. Well, I'm 31 years old, and I'm a recent graduate of the officer training program here at Chilliwack. A few years ago I studied at the Los Angeles College of Design. I apprenticed at a number of fashion publications in Toronto. I was lured to Vancouver by work on a mid-sized magazine as assistant graphic design manager.

MS: Sounded very promising.

S-LT. M: Yes, sir, it was.

MS: It would be fair to guess that how you dressed was a constant concern.

S-LT. M: Yes, sir, very much so. Various things made that concern grow too. I was encouraged to create a fashionable "look" for the magazine. I very much had an image uphold, for the magazine and myself. I'd slip out to Robson Street for the Vancouver Showmart on breaks. I'd try on new outfits, or put them on while I ran out of time. I must've looked like a real sucker to them, 'cause there wasn't much I wouldn't try on, not much less I wouldn't buy.

MS: Kind of a smorgasbord approach to clothes-buying, huh? Carry on.

S-LT. M: Well, except that there's no "all-you-can-eat" type deals to be found on Robson. I was one broke babe when the bills came in. Then the unexpected happened with the magazine - it went belly up. The initial financing fell through.

MS: So, no problem for you, you just get a U-Haul and head back to Toronto.

S-LT. M: I thought so too, Mr. Sherbet. But this feeling came over me. Realistically, I could've used a 5-ton truck to move me and my clothes back east. I considered how much I'd bought over the months, and a profound sense of moral sickness came over me. I was, am, a fashion-holic, sir.

MS: Surely, you could've gotten some help.

S-LT. M: But I couldn't guess where from at the time, sir. An aimlessness inhibited me for weeks. I wandered the streets - looking very sharp mind you - without direction. One day I came across the C.A.F. recruiter, and discovered my only hope was supreme self-discipline.

MS: Tell me, are the clothes in some mini-storage somewhere? I know a couple of girls that are your size.

S-LT. M: Sorry, sir. A couple of my fellow recruits and I had a bonfire to beat the band after we finished basic officer training. I kept a few nice undergarments because the regulation stuff chafes me, but the rest of it is ash.

MS: Well, good luck, Lieutenant. I guess it's off to Cyprus soon, huh?

S-LT. M: Yes, sir, just me and a duffel-bag full of khakis.

Third Interview

Date: December 1, 1989.

Place: Matsqui Correctional Centre.

MAN SHERBET: Please state your name and then

we'll begin.

CHANG: Jack Chang.

MS: I was always a fan of your art. Are you still productive now that you're here?

C: The warden has been very supportive, and encourages me to work in a little studio set up next to the wood shop. It's a bit noisy around there, but it beats nothing.

MS: Well, it's nice to hear a few years of incarceration isn't going to stop the famed Vincent Vener (Jack Chang's artistic pseudonym). You know, there isn't a publication in this country that hasn't run something about the greatness of Vincent Vener. When you exhibited your work in Toronto in late '87 it was sheer sensation. But then no one heard from you for months. We've since found out you went underground. Why abandon success, Jack?

C: It seemed politically correct at the time. I'm bound by my role as an artist to make politically wise decisions. Plus, my girlfriend at the time made some comment like, "Yor gonna get your own talkshow next, you'll see." I'd ignored her woman's intuition before and regretted it.

MS: Did you both decide on your next image as artist/urban guerilla?

C: Well, Candy - my old girlfriend - had some ideas along military lines, yeah. She wanted me to toughen up my image. She got me into the jack boots, the Eisenhower jackets and so on. It was some other friends of mine who suggested bombing Hydro substations and dams.

MS: You really had an effect, I remember. Art students started to take off on the whole "Top Gun" thing. Emily Carr college looked like Stalag 17 for a while.

C: I was really burned about that. It really just started as a joke on my part. But then certain art collectives began sponsoring Survival games. For some, they just liked getting shot in the plastic capsules, for others it was serious stuff. There were plans for "art colonies" situated in the mountains, strapped in for Armageddon. Some suggested running attacks on Deep Cove to top-up supplies. Man, I don't know many artists who live in the woods, do you? Even Toni Onley would starve and he's been there.

MS: So the army boots, the sashes, the medals, the helmets were all part of an elaborate put-on?

C: Yes, you've got to believe me. The prosecutor tried to make me sound like Manson, like I was starting my own "family." What happened was that Candy and a few of the others got out of hand. I wasn't into the Ammore substation bombing, but they insisted violent action was the next artistic movement, and I would be at the vanguard. Really, I was feeling pretty insecure at the time so I believed them.

MS: That was your court defense, wasn't it? That you were feeling insecure at the time?

C: I would've fired that lawyer if I had more money. The whole guerilla operation, plus all the nights at Denny's planning it, broke me.

MS: So you're repudiating the style and the actions of the New Aesthetic Front? Is Vincent Vener going to go preppy?

C: Hey, I don't want to sound like a tight ass, but I would tell all the art school, black-clad, funky Gestapo-types to clean up their acts. There's no future in rebellion, unless you really want to be somebody's "boy" in black four, like me. Get your mom to dress you. She's probably paying for it anyway.

MS: What should we expect from Vincent Vener once he gets out?

C: Besides good behaviour? Well, I'm going through a "nude" phase currently. I've got parole in eight months, so don't be surprised if streaking catches on again next year.

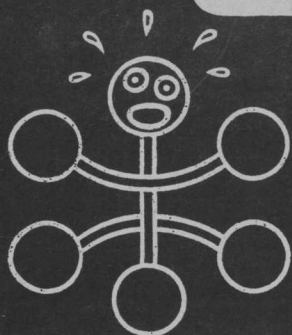
Acid-wash, acid-house, acid rain - we're all programmed, sound-bitten to the point where we don't know we are. I tip my cap to the marketers, the opinion-mongers and the inventors who've made us remote-control-switchers all, expecting new things, at every moment, at every turn in the road. They won't be the battle of the 80's.

I'm praying for a stoical 90's decade. We could use the time to catch up. Heck, what would be wrong with wearing Uncle Shep's hand-me-downs?

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